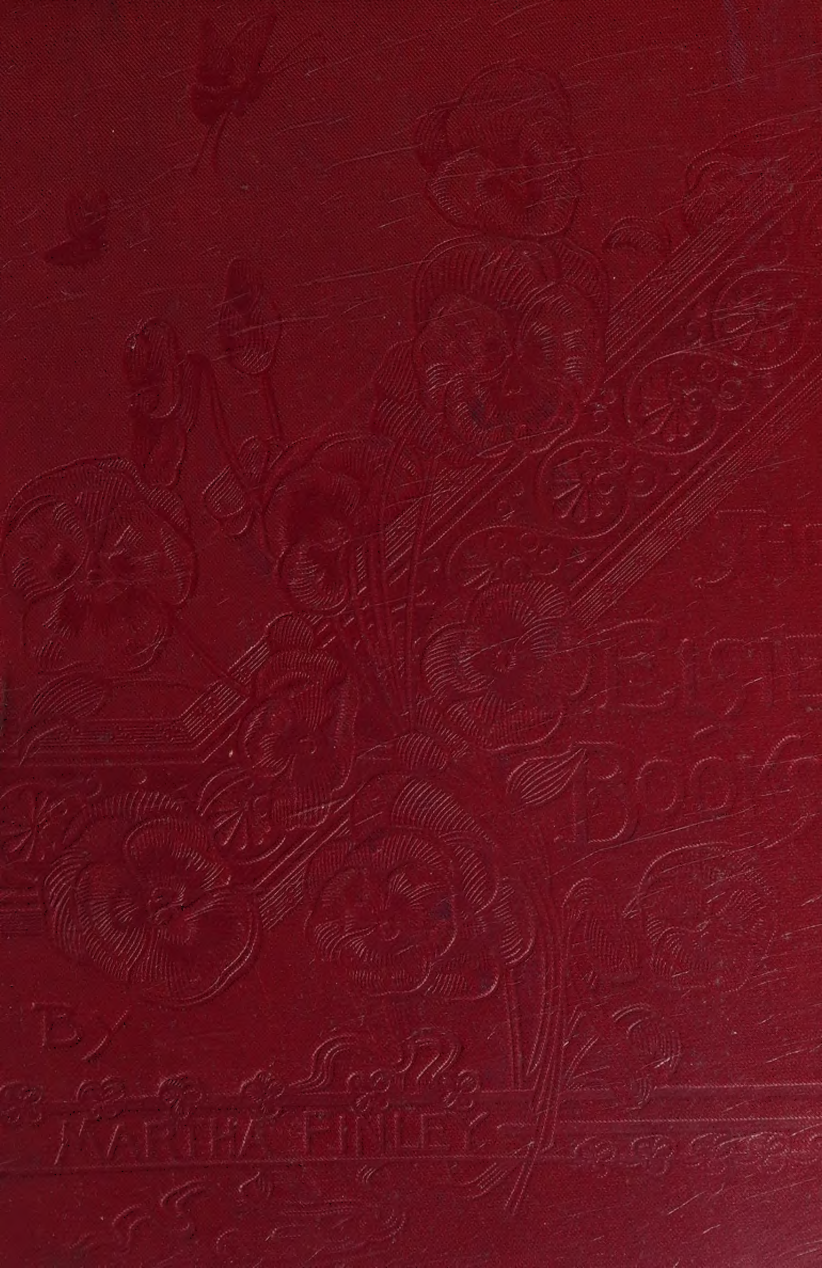

BY

MARTHA FINLEY

To Ruth,
From Aunt Grace

A LIST OF THE ELSIE BOOKS AND OTHER POPULAR BOOKS

BY

MARTHA FINLEY

ELSIE DINSMORE.
ELSIE'S HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS.
ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD.
ELSIE'S WOMANHOOD.
ELSIE'S MOTHERHOOD.
ELSIE'S CHILDREN.
ELSIE'S WIDOWHOOD.
GRANDMOTHER ELSIE.
ELSIE'S NEW RELATIONS.
ELSIE AT NANTUCKET.
THE TWO ELSIES.
ELSIE'S KITH AND KIN.
ELSIE'S FRIENDS AT WOODBURN.
CHRISTMAS WITH GRANDMA ELSIE.
ELSIE AND THE RAYMONDS.
ELSIE YACHTING WITH THE RAYMONDS.
ELSIE'S VACATION.
ELSIE AT VIAMEDE.
ELSIE AT ION.
ELSIE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
ELSIE'S JOURNEY ON INLAND WATERS.
ELSIE AT HOME.
ELSIE ON THE HUDSON.
ELSIE IN THE SOUTH.
ELSIE'S YOUNG FOLKS.
ELSIE'S WINTER TRIP.
ELSIE AND HER LOVED ONES.
ELSIE AND HER NAMESAKES.

MILDRED KEITH.
MILDRED AT ROSELANDS.
MILDRED'S MARRIED LIFE.
MILDRED AND ELSIE.
MILDRED AT HOME.
MILDRED'S BOYS AND GIRLS.
MILDRED'S NEW DAUGHTER.

CASELLA.
SIGNING THE CONTRACT AND WHAT IT COST.
THE TRAGEDY OF WILD RIVER VALLEY.
OUR FRED.
AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.
WANTED, A PEDIGREE.
THE THORN IN THE NEST.

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Very truly yours,

Martha Finley.

ELSIE AND HER LOVED ONES

BY

MARTHA FINLEY

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PUBLISHERS

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ELSIE AND HER LOVED ONES

CHAPTER I

It was a lovely spring day—very lovely at Viamede, where Mrs. Travilla—or Grandma Elsie, as some of her young friends loved to call her—was seated under the orange trees on the flower-bespangled lawn, with her father and his wife, her cousins, Mr. Ronald Lilburn and Annis, his wife, her children, and some of the more distant relatives and friends gathered about her or wandering here and there at some little distance on the same beautiful lawn.

"What a beautiful place this is!" exclaimed Zoe, breaking a pause in the conversation.

"Yes," said her husband, "but I am thinking it is about time we returned to our more northern homes."

"I think it is," said his grandfather, Mr. Dinsmore.

"I also; I feel as if I had been neglecting my business shamefully," sighed Chester.

At that Dr. Harold shook his head smilingly. "Don't let conscience reproach you, Chester, for what has probably saved you from invalidism and perhaps prolonged your life for years."

"Well, cousin doctor, you will surely admit that I am well enough to go back to work now?" laughed Chester.

"Perhaps; but wait a little till you hear a plan I have to propose. Mother," he went on, turning to her, "I met a gentleman yesterday who has just returned from California, which he pronounces the loveliest, most salubrious section of our country, and what he had to say of its climate and scenery has aroused in me a strong desire to visit it, taking you all with me—especially those of our party who are my patients."

"Hardly at this time of year; though, I suppose, Harold," she replied, giving him a

look of loving appreciation, "it would seem wiser to move in a northerly direction before the summer heats come on."

"Well, mother, this gentleman says the summers there are really more enjoyable than the winters, and the map shows us that Santa Barbara is a few degrees farther north than we are here, and San Francisco some few degrees north of that. It is not a tropical, but a semi-tropical climate, and for every month in the year you need the same sort of clothing that you wear in New York or Chicago in the winter. He tells me that for two-thirds of the year the weather is superb—the heat rare above 68 degrees and almost always tempered by a refreshing breeze from the ocean or the mountains. Sometimes there are fogs, but they don't bring with them the raw, searching dampness of our eastern ones. Indeed, from all I have heard and read of the climate I think it would be most beneficial for these patients of mine," Harold concluded, glancing smilingly from one to another.

"And a most enjoyable trip for us all, I have no doubt," said Captain Raymond.

"How about the expense?" queried Chester.

"Never mind about that," said the captain. "I claim the privilege of bearing it for the party. How many will go?"

"The Dolphin could hardly be made to hold us all, papa," laughed Grace.

"No; nor to cross the plains and mountains," returned her father with an amused smile. "We would go by rail and let those who prefer going home at once do so in our yacht."

At that Edward Travilla, standing near, looked greatly pleased. "That is a most kind and generous offer, captain," he said, "and I for one shall be very glad to accept it."

"We will consider that you have done so," returned the captain, "and you can begin engaging your passengers as soon as you like. But I am forgetting that I should first learn how many will accept my invitation for the land trip. Grandpa and Grandma Dins-

more, you will do so, will you not? And you, mother, Cousin Ronald and Cousin Annis?"

There was a slight demur, a little asking and answering of questions back and forth, which presently ended in a pleased acceptance of the captain's generous invitation by all who had come with him in the Dolphin—Violet, his wife, with their children, Elsie and Ned; his older daughters, Lucilla and Grace, with Chester, Lucilla's husband, and Grace's lover, Dr. Harold Travilla; Evelyn, Max's wife, and last but not least in importance, Grandma Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore—her father and his wife—and the cousins—Mr. Ronald Lilburn and Annis, his wife.

All had become greatly interested, and the talk was very cheery and animated. Different routes to California were discussed, and it was presently decided to go by the Southern Pacific, taking the cars at New Orleans—and that they would make an early start, as would those who were to return home in the Dolphin.

"May I take my Tiny along, papa?" asked Elsie, standing by his side with the little monkey on her shoulder.

"I think not, daughter," he replied; "she would be very apt to get lost while we are wandering about in that strange part of the country."

"Then I suppose I'll have to leave her here till we come back; and do you think any of the servants can be trusted to take good care of her and not let her get lost in the woods, papa?" asked the little girl in tones quivering with emotion.

"If you will trust me to take care of her she can go home with us in the yacht and live at Ion till you come for her," said Zoe. Then, turning to Ned, who was there with his pet: "And I make you the same offer for your Tee-tee," she added, "for, of course, if Elsie's can't be trusted to go to California, neither can yours."

"Thank you, Aunt Zoe," both children answered, but in tones that told of regret that

even for a time they must resign the care of their pets to another.

"And we'll have Tiny and Tee-tee in the yacht with us. How nice that will be!" exclaimed little Eric Leland. "They are fine, amusing little fellows, and you may be sure, Elsie and Ned, that we will take good care of them."

"And be willing to give them back to us when we get home?" asked Elsie.

"Honest enough to do so, I hope, whether we're willing or not," laughed Eric.

"Yes, of course we would," said his sister, Alie, "for we are honest folks; but I'm glad we can have the cute little monkeys with us even for awhile."

"On the yacht you will, but I think we'll have them at Ion after we get home," said Lily Travilla, the little daughter of Edward and Zoe, "because it's papa and mamma who have promised to take care of them."

"Yes," said Elsie, "and I'm sure Uncle Edward and Aunt Zoe will be good to them

—so good that I'm most afraid they'll grow fonder of them than of Ned and me."

"Oh, no, I don't think there is any danger of that," said Zoe, "and if they should, you can soon win their hearts back again by your love and kindness."

"Oh, I do believe we can, Aunt Zoe; for the dear little things love us now, I'm sure," cried Elsie, giving Tiny a hug and a loving pat.

But the older people were chatting about the necessary preparations for the journey, and the children grew quiet to listen. Their plans were laid in a few moments, and within twenty-four hours all embarked for New Orleans, in the same boat, and on reaching that city the two companies parted, Edward and his charges starting eastward in the Dolphin, Captain Raymond and his taking a westward-bound train on the Southern Pacific.

The little company, especially the younger ones, were in fine spirits; they were pleasant companions for each other, the weather was fine, and the prospect of sight-seeing before

them quite delightful. The children had many questions to ask about what they should see in California, which the older people, especially their father, were kindly ready to answer.

"At what place will we stop first, papa?" asked Elsie.

"At Coronado Beach, which is not very far from Los Angeles. We will take rooms at the Hotel del Coronado, which is an immense building, yet very homelike and delightful. It has an inner court, with trees, flowers and vines, and around that court many suites of rooms, each with its own bath and sitting-room, so that a party of guests such as ours can be very comfortable and as private as they please."

"And if they don't want to be very private I suppose they can mingle with other folks, can't they, papa?" asked Ned.

"Yes, indeed; there is almost every kind of amusement that is found elsewhere. Probably fishing and yachting, walking and driving along the beach, will suit us as well

or better than anything else; there is a drive of twelve miles along the beach at low tide."

"But I fear we will find it too warm for outdoor sports at this time of year," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore.

"No, grandma, I think not," said Dr. Harold. "I have been told the summer climate is better than the winter—never too warm for comfort, dry and tempered as it is by the ocean breeze. You do not find there the raw, searching dampness felt at Eastern seaside resorts; but I'm told it is too cold for the comfort of invalids during the March rains. They are happily over now, and I think that even our invalids will find the weather comfortably warm."

"And comfortably cool?" queried his mother, giving him a proudly affectionate look and smile.

"I think the ocean breeze will make it that, mother," he answered, returning her smile with one as full of affection as her own.

"I do believe we are going to have a de-

lightful time," exclaimed Lucilla in joyous tones; "everything will be so new and fresh —lovely scenery, beautiful plants and flowers, and the climate all that one could desire."

"Well, I hope you will not be disappointed, daughter," the captain said; "but California is not heaven and you must expect some unpleasantnesses."

"I hope there won't be sicknesses," said Grace.

"No," said Evelyn sportively, "we must all try to keep well that our good doctor may not be robbed of his vacation."

"Thanks, Mrs. Raymond," said Harold, with a bow and smile, "I sincerely hope you will all keep well for your own sakes more than mine."

"You may be sure we will all do our best in that line, Harold, and even more for our own sakes than for yours," laughed his sister, Violet.

"I hope so," he returned. "Having persuaded you all to take the trip I am ex-

tremely desirous that it may prove beneficial."

They had been talking during a pause in the movement of the train, and now, as it started on again, they relapsed into silence.

CHAPTER II

They arrived at Coronado Beach, tired with their journey but full of delight with the beauty of their surroundings. On the morning after their arrival they were gathered upon one of the galleries, taking a very interested view of the strange and beautiful scenery spread out before them. The near prospect was of lovely grounds forming the inner court of the hotel, grass, trees and hedges of lovely green, borders and ovals and beds of marguerites, long lines and curves of marigolds, and a fountain encircled by calla-lilies. It was beautiful. And farther away they could see other lovely gardens, rocky wastes, lofty mountains, and the ocean with distant sails upon it; the beach with foaming waves breaking on it, and Point Loma, grandly guarding the harbor on the right.

"There must be a grand view from the top of that promontory," remarked Chester.

"Yes," said the captain, "and perhaps a call there would be as good a beginning of our peregrinations as we could make. Point Loma commands one of the most remarkable views in the world; an immense prospect and very interesting in its details. I suppose you would all like to go?" he added inquiringly, and with a kindly glance from one to another.

No one seemed at all inclined to reject the offered treat, carriages were ordered, and in a few minutes they were on their way.

There was no disappointment; the view from the top of the rocky promontory, Point Loma, was all they had been led to expect; a view of miles of old ocean, blue and sparkling in the sunshine, bearing distant vessels on its bosom; on the land ranges on ranges of mountains; away in the distance to the South another promontory—the Point of Rocks, in Mexico. They drove along the narrow ridge of the promontory to the lighthouse, and found the view very fine from there.

"How beautiful is that wide, curving coast line!" remarked Grandma Elsie.

"Yes, mamma," assented Violet, "and the ranges on ranges of hills and mountains. And there, see, are snow-peaks beyond them. What mountains are they, my dear?"

"San Bernardino and San Jacinto," replied the captain; "and that flat-topped one is Table Mountain, in Mexico."

"'Tis a grand view, this!" remarked Mr. Lilburn, in tones of delight.

"Yes, one of the finest in the world," responded the captain. "What a perfect crescent is that ocean beach, and how singular is the formation of North and South Coronado Beach! Notice the entrance to this harbor here along Point Loma, where we are standing, and on the spacious inner bay, the towns of San Diego, and National City; notice the lowlands and heights outside sprinkled with houses, gardens, vineyards and orchards."

"It is a beautiful scene," said Mrs. Rose Dinsmore; "it alone is enough to repay us for our long journey."

"Yes, grandma," responded Violet, "es-

pecially as the journey itself was really delightful."

"So it was," responded several voices.

"Yes, I think it paid even for giving up my Tiny for a few weeks," said little Elsie. "Are we going anywhere else to-day, papa?" she asked, turning to her father.

"That is a question I have not considered yet," he answered, "but I think that by the time we get back to our hotel and eat our dinner, it will be rather late for another trip."

"I think so; especially for those of our party who are my patients," said Dr. Travilla. "For a time I must ask them to avoid both the evening and the early morning air."

"And such is their confidence in your medical wisdom and skill that they will be very apt to take your advice," remarked Lucilla, with playful look and tone.

"Certainly we will," added Chester; "where would be the use of bringing a doctor along if his advice is not to be followed?"

"I'm very hungry," put in little Ned.

"Uncle Harold, wouldn't it be good for us to have something to eat?"

"Why yes, Ned, I highly approve of that suggestion," laughed the doctor, "and there are lunch baskets in our carriages that will no doubt yield all that is needed to satisfy our appetites."

"Yes, I saw them, Uncle Harold, and so I knew we didn't need to go hungry," replied Ned. Then, turning to his father, "May I go and get the baskets, papa?" he asked. "I s'pose we'll have to eat out here."

"No doubt we can eat comfortably enough sitting here on the rocks," replied his father; "but the baskets are too heavy for a boy of your size to carry. We will get one of our drivers to do that." Then addressing the party, "Judging by my own feelings, ladies and gentlemen, I suppose you are all ready for lunch?"

There was a general assent, and presently they were regaling themselves with a very appetizing meal.

That concluded, they re-entered their car-

riages and had a delightful drive back to the Hotel del Coronado, where they passed a pleasant evening, then retired early for a comfortable night's rest.

The next day was the Sabbath. Our party attended morning service in the nearest church, and in the afternoon spent an hour or more in Bible study together. After that little Elsie, Bible in hand, drew near Mrs. Travilla.

"Grandma," she said, "I want to ask you about this verse in Revelations. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, dear; let me hear it," replied Grandma Elsie, and the child read in low, sweet tones:

" 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' "

The little girl paused, closed her Bible, and

putting her hand in her pocket drew out a small white stone.

"See, grandma," she said, "I picked this up yesterday when we were out and it reminded me of that verse. Please, grandma, tell me what it means."

"I will do the best I can, darling," was the sweet-toned reply. "The white stone was the symbol of acquittal. When a man had been accused or suspected of some crime, tried for it and found innocent, the judge would give him a white stone, and he could show that as proof that he had been pronounced innocent. The white stone was also the symbol of victory and honor, and was given to brave soldiers coming home from battles for their country."

"Then they would be very proud to show it, I suppose," said Elsie. "But was that all the use they had for such stones, grandma?"

"No; they were used as a symbol of friendship. A single stone would be cut in two, one man would take one half, his friend the other, each would write his name on the piece he

held, then they would exchange them, each keeping his piece with his friend's name upon it, as proof and pledge of that friend's love. They might be so separated afterwards as not to see or hear from each other for years, and perhaps, if they met again, not be able to recognize each other, because of changed appearances, but the stone would help them to prove their identity and give them the joy of renewed friendship. And when they died their sons would inherit those valuable stones, which would serve as helpers in keeping up the friendship of their fathers."

Elsie sat for a moment in thoughtful silence, then turning to her grandma, with a sweet smile: "That was a nice lesson," she said. "Thank you very much for it, grandma."

"What was that, daughter?" asked the captain, approaching them at that moment. In reply Elsie showed her stone and repeated what her grandma had been telling her.

"That was a very good lesson," said her father. "Keep the little white stone, daugh-

ter, and when you look at it remember the Master's promise given with it—look to Him for strength to overcome, and you will not fail. He says to each one of His children: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' Again and again in that same chapter He repeats His gracious admonition to His people not to fear, because they are His—He is their God and will help them."

"Oh, it is lovely, papa, lovely to belong to Him and know that He will bring us safely all the way through this world to the home with Him that He has prepared for us above!" exclaimed the little girl in joyous tones, her eyes shining with happiness.

At the moment Violet came in from the gallery, whither all the rest of the party had already gone.

"Come, mamma dear," she said, "we want your company, and have a comfortable chair placed ready for you. Plenty of room and a

warm welcome, Levis, for you and our little daughter, also," she added, turning her sweet, smiling face toward her husband.

All three promptly accepted her invitation, and found it very delightful to gaze upon the beautiful grounds just below them, and the sparkling, restless ocean beyond, also to inhale the delightful sea breeze—all in the pleasant company of those whose conversation was both interesting and instructive.

The summons to the tea table presently called them away from that pleasant spot, but they returned to it until the approach of bedtime; then with cordial and kindly good-nights they separated.

But Lucilla came back presently to find her father pacing the gallery to and fro as was his wont at home. Pausing in his walk, he welcomed her with a smile, put an arm about her and gave her a kiss that seemed to say she was very dear to him.

"Father," she said, "you were so kind to bring us all here to this lovely place."

"Kind to myself as well as to others," he

said with a smile; "I am very glad, daughter, to know that you are enjoying it."

"I am, father dear, more than I can find words to express, as is Chester, also; and I think the change is improving his health."

"Yes, I think so, and hope he will go home entirely recovered. Ah, who is this?" as another girlish figure came gliding toward them.

"Another of your daughters, father," answered a sweet-toned voice; "I didn't know you had a companion—though I might have guessed it—and I wanted a bit of chat about your absent son. Isn't it time for letters?"

"Hardly, Eva, my dear, though possibly we may hear to-morrow or next day," replied the captain, putting an arm about her and drawing her close to his side.

"I wish Max could get a furlough and join us here," said Lucilla. "I feel almost mean, Eva, to be enjoying the society of my husband while yours is so far away."

"Oh, Lu, dear, don't feel so," returned Evelyn; "your happiness certainly does not

make mine any less; no, it makes it more; because, loving you, I rejoice in your happiness."

They chatted but a few moments longer, then bidding the captain good-night, hastened away to their own rooms.

CHAPTER III

Dr. Travilla, coming out the next morning upon that part of the gallery where their party had spent the previous evening, found Mr. Lilburn and the captain pacing to and fro, chatting and laughing as if enjoying their promenade.

"You see we are ahead of you, Harold," said the captain, when morning greetings had been exchanged.

"Yes; very much?" asked Harold.

"Enough for a stroll around this great building to note its size and architectural features. 'Tis an immense pile and well arranged for comfort and convenience."

"And in a delightful situation," supplemented Mr. Lilburn.

"I agree with you both and am entirely willing to spend some days or weeks in it if you wish," returned Harold; "provided the

situation agrees with my patients, as I hope and expect it will," he added.

Just then Lucilla, Evelyn and Grace added themselves to the little group, and pleasant morning greetings were exchanged, the captain bestowing a fatherly caress upon each daughter—Evelyn being as affectionately greeted as either of the other two.

A few moments later they were joined by the rest of their party, and all descended together to the dining-room to partake of an excellent breakfast. Soon after leaving the table they were out for the day's sight-seeing and adventures. They visited parks, gardens, a museum, an ostrich farm, and a number of other attractive places, then took a fine drive along the beach, returning in time for the evening meal at their pleasant house of entertainment.

So delightful did they find Hotel del Coronado that they lingered there for a week.

Then they left it for San Diego, which they found wonderfully beautiful, with one of the finest harbors in the world. It was delightful

to sit and gaze upon the blue, sunlit bay, and breathe the delicious sea breeze.

Then there were most enjoyable drives to be taken, visiting various attractive spots within a few miles' distance.

One day they drove to Lakeside, twenty-two miles away, where they ate a good dinner at the hotel, then wandered across the mesa in its rear, and had a lovely view of its little lake.

Another day they drove into the Monte, a large park of a thousand acres. There were great trees—elders, willows, sycamores and live-oaks with enormous trunks, with plenty of flowers underneath them and upon the rocks, wild peonies, with variegated leaves, wild galiardia, tiny starry white flowers, pretty forget-me-nots, and others too numerous to mention. Many kinds of beautiful ferns, also.

There seemed to be a different drive for every day in the week, all beautiful and enjoyable. So a week passed most pleasantly, then they took the Surf line from San Diego

to Los Angeles. It was a seventy-mile ride, but with so much that was interesting to see and gaze upon, and such delicious air to breathe, that it did not seem a long or wearisome trip. There was the great ocean, with its curling, sparkling waves, and seals and porpoises frolicking in the water, gulls circling above them, and from the ground flocks of birds starting up in affright at the approach of the train. Then when the train carried them away from the view of the ocean there were the wonderful groves of great trees, carpets of wild flowers, and the towns of Santa Ana and Anaheim.

"What is the name of the place we are going to, papa?" asked Ned, as they drew near the end of their short journey.

"'Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles," replied the captain, gravely enough but with a gleam of fun in his eye.

"What a long name!" cried Ned. "I should think they would have to make it shorter sometimes when they're in a hurry."

"Yes, sometimes it is called 'The City of

the Angels,' but even that is too long; so it commonly goes by name of Los Angeles."

"Oh, that's better," said Ned; "just a long enough name, I think."

They found Los Angeles a handsome city, environed by gardens filled with beautiful flowers. They spent a few days there, then went on to Pasadena, nine miles from Los Angeles, hearing that it was eight hundred feet higher and the air much drier; information which drew from Dr. Harold the opinion that it would be much more beneficial for his invalids.

They found it a very Eden-like place, situated in the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, and at the foot of the Sierra Madre range of mountains.

"Pasadena, 'the Crown of the Valley,'" murmured Grandma Elsie delightedly, from the carriage window, as they drove to their hotel.

"It looks a veritable paradise," said Violet; "it reminds me of a description of Pasadena I heard given by a lady at the Hotel del Cor-

onado. She said one would find plenty of flowers in bloom, but at the same time you would need to wear flannels and sealskin sacks; there would be snow-capped mountains and orange blossoms; the trees are green all the year and you go outdoors in December to get warm; where rats build in the trees and squirrels live in the ground with owls."

"And where the boys climb up hill on burros and slide down hills on wheels," laughed Grace. "I hope we shall see some of those funny things and doings."

"I hope we shall," said Lucilla, "and I particularly want to see the hedges of calla-lilies, geraniums and heliotrope."

"Well, I think we are likely to stay long enough for you all to see whatever there is to be seen," said the captain.

"Yes, I am glad we don't have to hurry away," remarked Grace in a blithe and cheery tone.

"As we all are, I think," said Grandma Elsie. "I don't know who could fail to desire to stay awhile in so lovely a place as this."

"And we will have nothing to call us away until we are all ready to go," said Captain Raymond.

But their arrival at their house of entertainment now brought the conversation to a close.

They found Pasadena so charming that they lingered there week after week. The town was beautiful, protected on three sides by mountain ranges and surrounded by groves and gardens, trees and hedges. There were roses clambering to the tops of houses and covered by tens of thousands of blossoms, and there were passion vines completely covering the arbors. There were hedges made of the honeysuckle, the pomegranite and the heliotrope. Marengo Avenue they found lined on both sides by the beautiful pepper tree.

There is a fine hotel called The Raymond, but it was closed at this time; so that our friends, though attracted by the name, could see only the grounds and the outside of the buildings. It is set upon a hill commanding

a fine view, and in the winter season is filled to overflowing, but it is always closed in April. They found the hill on which it stands an excellent point of view of the country, and itself a mountain of bloom, color and fragrance; and it was evident that the views from the windows and broad verandas—views of orchards, gardens, pretty villas, purple foothills and snowy ranges, must be fine indeed.

"What a beautiful place it is," exclaimed little Elsie when they had gone about the house, viewing it and grounds from side to side. "I wish it was open so we could stay here. Papa, it has our name; are the folks who own it related to us?"

"I don't know, daughter, but I hardly think so; it is not an uncommon name," replied the captain.

"It's a good name; I don't want any better," said Ned sturdily.

"I'm glad you are satisfied, and I hope you will never do anything to disgrace it," said his father, with a gratified smile and an affec-

tionate pat of the small hand which happened to be held in his at the moment.

Our party found a great deal to interest them in and about Pasadena. There were the fine hotels, the pleasant boarding houses, the Public Library in the town, and three miles away the old mission of San Gabriel. They made various trips in the vicinity of the town —to Mt. San Antonio, ten miles away, but none too far for a little trip, they thought; also to Mt. San Jacinto, whose height is twelve thousand feet above the Pacific.

Our friends found Pasadena so delightful that they lingered there for some weeks. Then they passed on in a southerly direction till they reached the lovely city of Santa Barbara, where they lingered still longer, finding the place itself wonderfully attractive and the many drives in the vicinity delightful. They found that there were as many as twenty-eight distinct and beautiful drives, and almost every day they tried one or more of them. They greatly enjoyed the scenery—the mountains, the valleys, the beautiful villas, with

their trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, one grape-vine in especial with a trunk eight inches in diameter, with foliage covering ten thousand square feet, and which they were told yielded in one year twelve thousand pounds of grapes.

Another drive took them to the lighthouse, where from the balcony there was a fine view of the fields below, the blue sea beyond them, and the blue sky overhead. There was hardly anything which the ladies of our party and little Elsie enjoyed more than the sight of the vast profusion of roses—hundreds of varieties and vines covering many feet of arbor or veranda.

Santa Barbara proved a place hard to leave, and they lingered there for a number of weeks, all of them—especially those who had been on the invalid list—feeling that they were constantly gaining in health and strength. News from their homes was favorable to their stay; everything seemed to be going on very well without them; so they yielded to the fascinations of this Western

fairy land and lingered weeks longer than they had intended when they came.

The summer was nearly over; they began to think it time to be on the move toward home, and after a little talk on the subject decided to start the next day, go on to San Francisco, tarry there a few days, then travel eastward to their homes.

Evelyn was the most eager for the start; it seemed so long since she had last seen her young husband, and they were hoping he might get a furlough and spend some weeks with her at Crag Cottage, their pretty home on the Hudson.

They tarried in San Francisco long enough to acquaint themselves with all its beauties, then wended their way eastward as fast as the cars could carry them. They felt it still too early in the season for an immediate return to their southern homes, but they scattered to various places in the north—some to visit relatives, some to the seaside, while several accepted an invitation from Evelyn to spend some weeks at Crag Cottage. She knew that

her aunt, Elsie Leland, was already there, and had everything in order for their reception. Grandma Elsie, Dr. Harold Travilla, Grace Raymond and her sister, Lucilla, were the others who accepted the invitation. But Captain Raymond, Violet and their two younger children expected to visit for some weeks one of Long Island's seaside resorts.

Max had written to Evelyn that he hoped for a furlough that would enable him to join her at their cottage and spend with her the few weeks she would care to stay there; and she was looking forward to that reunion with eager delight, while journeying from far-off California to the home of her childhood.

"Father and Mamma Vi," she said to them as they journeyed through the State of New York, "stop with me at Crag Cottage and make at least a little visit there. I think you will see Max if you do. I have a feeling that he will be there to meet us on our arrival."

"Thank you, daughter," returned Captain Raymond, with a look of pleasure, "I shall be

happy to accept your invitation if it suits my wife to do so. What do you say, Violet, my dear?"

"That I accept gladly! I shall be pleased to see both Max and the pretty cottage; as well as to be Eva's guest for a few days."

"And what will Elsie and I do?" asked Ned, with a roguish look. "Go on to the seashore by ourselves?"

"No, little brother, we wouldn't any of us be willing to trust you to do that," laughed Evelyn, "and large as you are, I think the cottage can be made to hold you two in addition to the others."

"Oh, good! I'm glad of that, for I always enjoy a visit to Crag Cottage," cried Ned, clapping his hands in glee.

"And I hope you will be often there visiting your brother and sister," said Evelyn, smiling affectionately and patting the hand he had laid upon the arm of her seat.

Her invitation was not extended to other members of the party, as their plans were already made. Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn had

already left them to visit their relatives at Pleasant Plains, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dinsmore had announced their intention of visiting theirs in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

"We will reach New York presently," remarked the captain, after a little, "and there we will leave the train and go aboard the Dolphin, if, as I have every reason to expect, she is lying at the dock there; and we can all journey up to Crag Cottage in her."

"Which will be a pleasant change from travelling on land in a car," remarked Lucilla.

"You will go with us, will you not, Chester?" asked Evelyn.

"Thank you," he returned heartily; "I must leave my wife with you and hurry on home to attend to some professional matters that I have neglected too long in my desire to fully recover my health."

"Be careful that you don't lose it again," said Dr. Travilla, warningly.

"Oh, yes, for your wife's sake be careful,"

urged Lucilla, a look of anxiety on her usually bright, happy face.

"You may trust me for that, I think," Chester returned laughingly. A few hours later they reached New York, and as they left the train Evelyn was overjoyed to find herself in her husband's arms. His furlough had been granted. He had already been aboard the Dolphin and was able to assure them that everything there and at Crag Cottage was in order for their reception.

They had already bade good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dinsmore, who were going on at once to Philadelphia, Chester with them as far as that city, so the party for the Dolphin went aboard of her without any unnecessary delay, and immediately journeyed in her up to their desired haven.

It was a short voyage, made doubly pleasant by the happy reunion of near and dear ones, for it was a great joy to Max to have his wife again by his side, and father, young stepmother, sisters and brother close at hand; all showing delight in the reunion and great

affection for him. The presence of Grandma Elsie and her son, the good and lovable physician, was no drawback upon the felicity of any one of them.

And a most joyous and affectionate greeting awaited them all on reaching their destination, Mr. and Mrs. Leland and their sons and daughters evidently delighted at their arrival; a natural consequence of the many ties of kinship existing among them.

Mrs. Leland had done her part well; she had capable servants under her, the house was in beautiful order, and the table well served. Several days passed most delightfully, mostly on shore, though some little trips were taken in the yacht. Then the Raymonds began to talk of leaving, but were urged to stay on a little longer.

CHAPTER IV

It was early morning, the sun just peeping over the mountain tops on the farther side of the river, when Captain Raymond might have been seen pacing to and fro in the beautiful grounds of Crag Cottage. Now and then he glanced toward the open hall door, expecting that Lucilla would join him in his early stroll as she so often did. Presently some one did step out and hasten toward him. It was not Lucilla, however, but Dr. Harold Travilla.

"Good-morning, Grandpa Raymond," was Harold's greeting, with a bow and smile.

"What?" cried the captain, standing still in surprise.

"A pretty little girl has just arrived, scarcely an hour ago, and as Max claims to be her father, I take it that Max's father must be her grandsire."

"Ah! An astonishing bit of news! She was not expected so soon?"

"No, not for some weeks yet, but the parents are very happy over her prompt arrival. So far both mother and child are doing well."

"That is good news; all you have told me is good news, although it seems a little odd to think of myself as a grandfather," remarked the captain with a smile. Then turning to Lucilla, who joined them at that moment, he told the news to her.

"Oh," she cried, "how nice! Harold, can I go in now, speak to Eva and look at her treasure?"

"Not yet," he said; "she needs rest and I think is sleeping. We will let you in some hours later."

"Thank you. I don't want to go to her until her physician considers it quite safe to do so," returned Lucilla.

"Nor do I," said the captain, "though I shall be pleased to get sight of my first grandchild."

"Oh, yes, she has made you a grandfather, papa," laughed Lucilla. "How odd that seems!"

"And you, Grace and Elsie, aunts; Ned—my little Ned—an uncle."

"Oh, won't he be tickled!" laughed Lucilla.

"We will see," laughed the captain, "for here he comes," as Ned was seen at that moment approaching them in their walk.

"Good-morning, papa and Sister Lu," he cried, as he drew near. "Good-morning, Uncle Harold."

"Good-morning," returned his father. "Have you heard the news?"

"News, papa? No, sir; what is it?" he asked, putting his hand into that of his father. "Nothing bad, I guess, 'cause you look pleased; and so do sister and uncle."

"I hope you, too, will be pleased when you hear it," said his father. "You have a little niece, Ned. You are an uncle."

"Oh, am I? Why how did it happen? Where is she?"

"Only a little baby," laughed Lucilla.

"Brother Max and Sister Eva are her father and mother."

"And God gave her to them a little while ago," added their father. "And I want you to remember to make no noise anywhere about the house, because your Sister Eva is not well and noise would be very apt to make her worse."

"Yes, sir, I think I can remember to be quiet so as not to hurt Sister Eva or wake the baby if it is asleep. I'd like to see it, though."

"I think we will all be treated to a sight of it before very long," said the captain.

"Oh," cried Ned, "there are mamma and Elsie on the porch. Let's go and tell them the good news."

And away he ran, followed by his father and Sister Lu.

"Oh, mamma, have you heard the news?" he cried, as he came panting up the steps.

"That I am a grandmother and you an uncle?" she asked, with a merry little laugh.

"Why, no, mamma, you are not old enough to be that," exclaimed Elsie.

"No, indeed!" cried Ned. "But papa is a grandfather and Lu and Grace and Elsie are aunts and I'm an uncle. Oh, isn't it funny?"

"I hope you will be a well-behaved uncle and not make your little niece ashamed of you," laughed Violet.

"I guess she won't be," returned Ned. "Anyhow, not till she gets bigger. She's just a baby now, papa says."

Captain Raymond and Lucilla were now coming up the porch steps and at the same moment Max stepped out from the hall door. He was looking very happy.

"Good-morning, father," he said. "Good-morning, Mamma Vi, and all of you. Father, I suppose Harold has told you the news?"

"Yes, my dear boy; very pleasant news, though it seems to add something to my age to know myself a grandfather," returned the captain with a smile, and taking Max's extended hand in a warm pressure.

"What did you choose a girl for, Brother Max?" asked Ned. "I should think you'd rather have a boy."

"No, little brother," laughed Max. "I'm glad it is a girl, and always shall be glad, if she grows up to be just like her mother, as I hope she will."

"I hope so too, Max, and I am well pleased that she is a girl," said Lucilla, "but I am glad that father and mother had a boy first so that I have always had an older brother to look up to."

"And you have really looked up to him?" laughed Max. "I haven't always known it, and certainly have not always been worthy of it."

Just then they were joined by Grandma Elsie and her daughter, Mrs. Leland, with her husband and children.

All had heard the news and were full of the subject. The ladies and children wanted to see the little newcomer, but that could not be for the present without running the risk of disturbing its mother, and just then came the summons to the breakfast table.

Dr. Harold was with them there, and on

being questioned spoke in a cheerful, hopeful way of his patient.

"I left her asleep," he said, "and looking very peaceful and comfortable, the bit lassie reposing by her side. The nurse seems a capable one and I think will take the best care of both mother and babe."

"When can we see it, Uncle Harold?" asked little Elsie.

"After its mother wakes yours or mine will probably carry it out into the dressing-room for a few minutes, and then if you two will engage to be very quiet you may go in there and take a peep at the little nameless stranger," replied the doctor.

"Nameless!" exclaimed Elsie. "Oh, Brother Max, what are you going to name it?"

"Its mother shall name it. I am sure she has the best right," replied Max.

"So I think," said his father. "Violet, my dear, how soon will you be ready for our trip down the river?"

"I think I can make ready in an hour or

two at any time," Violet answered with a smile.

"Oh, father, don't think of leaving us!" exclaimed Max. "I am absolutely hungry for a good visit with you; and you have had sea air for months past. Besides, there is plenty of room here, and of everything else that is wanted. I hope you will all stay until Eva and I are ready to go."

"Thank you, my son," the captain said, giving Max a look of fatherly pride and pleasure; "a few weeks of your society will be far from disagreeable to your old father. So, Violet," turning to her, "shall we accept his invitation?"

"Yes, with the understanding that if at any time we prove troublesome company we are to be informed that such is the case and to leave at very short notice."

"You may be sure of getting such notice if your conduct calls for it," laughed Mrs. Leland. "So don't set your hearts too strongly upon staying here as long as Max and Eva do."

"There is not the slightest danger of Sister Violet earning such notice and hardly of her children doing so," remarked Mr. Leland, "but I am not so sure of our own boys and girls. Remember, my children," glancing around upon them, "that you are to play very quietly when you are in or near the house while Cousin Eva is sick."

In answer there was a chorus of assurances that they would be very careful to do nothing to injure "dear Cousin Eva," but everything they could to help her to get well.

An hour later they were all—including Elsie and Ned—invited to go quietly into Cousin Eva's dressing-room and see her new treasure, which they found sleeping on Grandma Elsie's lap. They all regarded it with great interest and pronounced it a dear, pretty little thing.

"What is its name, grandma?" they asked.

"I don't think she has any yet, except that she is a little Miss Raymond," Grandma Elsie answered, with a smile and a loving look down into the wee face.

"Oh, yes, because Brother Max is her father and his name is Raymond," said little Elsie, "and Sisters Lu and Grace and I are her aunts. Oh, I think it's nice to have such a dear little niece!"

"Or cousin," said Eric Leland. "I can't be her uncle, but she's my cousin, because her mother is."

"Yes," said Grandma Elsie, "so she is, and I hope you will be so kind to her that she cannot help loving you. Now you may all go out into the grounds and enjoy yourselves there; far enough from the house not to disturb your sick cousin if you want to make any noise."

"I think we will all try to be quiet, grandma," said Elsie, "and go far enough away not to disturb Sister Eva with our talk." And with that they all passed out very quietly.

Elsie led the way to the summer house on the edge of the cliff, which had always been one of Evelyn's favorite resorts. There they seated themselves, enjoying the beautiful prospect of the river and its farther shore.

"That baby is a dear, pretty little cousin for us all, isn't she?" remarked Alie Leland.

"To you and your sister and brothers," Elsie answered, with merry look and tone; "but niece to Ned and me, you must remember, because her father is our brother."

"Well, I don't care," laughed Alie. "I believe it's about as good to be cousin as aunt."

CHAPTER V

Evelyn awoke from a long, quiet sleep to find her husband sitting by her side and gazing upon her as if he thought her the greatest of earthly treasures.

"Dear Max," she said, smiling up in his eyes, "it is so sweet to have you so close—keeping guard over me as if I were the dearest of earthly possessions."

"That is just what you are, love," he returned, leaning over her and kissing lip and cheek and brow. "And this little darling comes next," he added, looking down at the sleeping babe by her side.

"Ah, she is a treasure, oh, such a treasure to me—but I am sorry for your sake that she is only a girl."

"Only a girl!" he exclaimed. "I am glad she is that. I would not have her anything else; and I hope she will prove a second edition of her mother."

"Thank you, my dear," Eva said with a smile. "But she must have a name, and what shall it be?"

"Whatever pleases her mother," replied Max, returning the smile.

"No, I think the decision should rest with her father," Eva said, with her low, sweet laugh.

"Shall we call her Elsie for your good, kind aunt?" returned Max.

"I should like to give that token of affection to both her and her mother," said Evelyn, "were it not that there are already so many Elsies in the connection. How would Mary do? Perhaps shortening it to Maie."

"Quite well, I think," said Max. "So let us call her our little Maie."

"Little treasure!" murmured Evelyn, gazing upon the baby face. "Oh, Max, I feel it very sweet to be a mother—to have a little darling of my very own."

"And I find it far from unpleasant to be a father," he returned gaily, "the only drawback upon my felicity being the hard fact

that I must leave my two dearest ones so often for my life upon the sea."

"Ah," she sighed, "I must try not to think of that now. It is a hard thought, though I am proud of my husband's readiness to serve his country."

"A country well worth serving, I think," smiled Max; "the grandest one in the world."

Doctor and nurse both came in at that moment.

"In which opinion I heartily agree with you," said Harold, having overheard Max's last sentence. "But remember, my good naval officer, that you must not talk in too exciting a way to my patient."

"Oh, I am not at all excited, but if you abuse my husband I shall be," said Evelyn, with mirthful look and tone.

"Oh, I am not abusing him or intending to," said Harold, "but my patient's welfare must always receive my first consideration."

"Pleasant doctrine for me while I am the patient," laughed Evelyn.

Harold was looking at the sleeping babe.

"She's a pretty bit lassie for one of her age," he said, "and I hope one of these days to claim her as my niece."

"So you may; I think you will suit very well for an uncle," laughed Max; "an uncle for my child since you have ceased to be one for myself."

"Yes, I prefer to be your brother," was Harold's response to that.

"Grace is much pleased with her little niece," said Evelyn, "and with the thought of being an aunt; as Lucilla is, also."

"Yes, and the little cousins, too," said Grandma Elsie, coming in at that moment. "Ah, she is waking now; see, her eyes are open. Suppose you let me carry her into the dressing-room again and let them refresh their eyes with another sight of the dear little face."

"Agreed, Grandma Elsie, if you will let me go along to witness the scene," said Max. "I'll carry her very carefully on a pillow."

He did so, and laid her on Grandma Elsie's lap, she having seated herself in a low, easy-

chair. Then the children were notified and gathered about her in an eager, excited group, while the young father stood near looking on.

"I wish I might hold her in my arms for a little," said Alie Leland.

"No, I'm too young; don't touch me, cousins," the baby seemed to say.

"Oh, it can talk! It can talk!" cried Alie Leland.

"The same way that the tee-tees did," laughed her brother Edward.

"But Cousin Ronald isn't here," exclaimed several child voices.

"No; but Cousin Max is, and he is a ventriloquist, too," returned Edward, looking smilingly at the baby's father.

"Well, now, Ned," said Max, "do you really think my little girl is not capable of saying a few words for herself?"

"Oh, I daresay she will talk fast enough some of these days," laughed the lad, "but I know babies don't talk when they are hardly a week old."

"Except when there's a ventriloquist at hand," said Eric.

"Brother Max," exclaimed Ned, "I'm so glad you are a ventriloquist, because I hope you'll make a good deal of fun for us, as Cousin Ronald does."

"Isn't it enough for me to help my little girl to talk?" asked Max.

"That's good," said Ned. "Please make her talk some more."

"No, you talk, Uncle Ned," the baby seemed to say, and Ned laughed and shouted, "There! she called me uncle, grandma! She's a nice baby, isn't she?"

"I think so," replied Mrs. Travilla, "and we must all be careful to teach her only what is good and lovable."

Violet and Lucilla came in together at that moment.

"I must have a look at my little niece," said the latter.

"And I at my granddaughter," added Violet.

"Oh, mamma, don't say that," exclaimed

Elsie. "You are too young for it; isn't she, grandma?"

"She does look rather young to lay claim to that appellation," Grandma Elsie returned, with an admiring smile up into her daughter's beautiful and youthful face.

"Ah, but her own grandsire being my husband gives me something of a right in that direction," laughed Violet. "And anybody might be glad to claim kinship with such a darling," she added, gazing down at the babe as it lay on her mother's knee.

"Thank you, Grandma Vi," came in a feeble little voice, apparently from the lips of the babe.

At that moment the captain entered the room.

"Ah, so my little granddaughter is on exhibition, I see," he said, as he approached the little group gathered about Grandma Elsie and the babe.

"Yes, grandpa," she seemed to say. "My papa helps me to talk."

"Does he? I'm afraid you will lose your

ability to talk when he goes away," said the captain, bending down over the babe and gazing with loving admiration into the wee face. "She's a fine child, I think, Max," he said, "one that I am proud to claim as my grandchild."

"She doesn't seem to appreciate your praise, my dear," said Violet, as the child began to squirm and cry.

At that the nurse came and took charge of it, and its visitors vanished to other parts of the house or the grounds.

CHAPTER VI

The next day was the Sabbath, and all who were not needed in the sick room attended church in the morning. In the afternoon, according to their old custom, they assembled together as a Bible class, the captain—as the oldest—being the leader. The subject was the New Jerusalem, its beauties, its delights, and the character and bliss of its inhabitants. "They will be very happy there," said the captain. "In Isaiah we read, 'Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart. . . . Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice in that which I create: for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.'

Mother, can you give us a text from the New Testament teaching that there is no weeping in heaven?"

"Yes," replied Grandma Elsie; "in the twenty-first chapter and fourth verse of Revelation we read: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.' It was sin," she said, "that brought sorrow, pain, sickness and death into the world: there will be none of any of them in the New Jerusalem."

"Will some one give us a Bible description of the New Jerusalem?" asked the captain.

"I will read it, father," said Grace. "'And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve

angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth four square, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth,

sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.'"

"What a beautiful, glorious city it will be!" she exclaimed, when she had finished.

"Yes," said her father, "God grant we may all be numbered among its citizens."

"'Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ,'" quoted Mr. Leland. "We may well look for it with joyful longing. May the goodness and love of God lead us all to repentance, make us all His devoted, faithful servants."

"And He will be the same Jesus who gave His life for us," said Grandma Elsie, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "The angels said to those who were gazing up after Him as He was taken up into heaven and a cloud received Him out of their sight, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.'"

"Yes," said Harold, "and we are told in Thessalonians, the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven; in Revelation, 'Behold,

He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.' And Matthew tells us, 'The Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him.' "

"And we shall see Him, know Him and be conformed to His image," said Mrs. Travilla in joyous tones. "'It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.' "

"What a delightful thought!" exclaimed her daughter, Mrs. Leland. "Oh, it is strange that we can ever be so taken up as we are with worldly matters. Do you think, captain, that His second coming is near?"

"There are many things which make that seem probable," replied Captain Raymond. "Don't you think that we should try to live as if it might be any day—or indeed at any moment?"

"I certainly do," she answered; "especially as death may take us into His presence at any moment."

"Yes, that is true," he answered; "and we

should all strive to live as when death comes we shall wish we had. Live near to Him—to His honor and glory—that whenever He shall come we may be found ready. He tells us, 'Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. . . . Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' That warning word 'watch' is repeated again and again. 'Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.' "

" 'Be ye also ready,' " repeated little Elsie reflectively. "Papa, please tell us just how to get ready—just what we must do."

"Give ourselves to the Lord Jesus who says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' "

"Doesn't everybody believe that it's all true about Him, papa?" asked Ned.

"It is not enough to believe simply that

Jesus lived in this world years ago, and died the cruel death of crucifixion; we must believe also that He was God as well as man; for otherwise He could not save us; had He been only a man His death would not have atoned for the sins of the world—or of all in it who have believed or will believe on Him. But the Bible tells us these things as plainly as words can speak. In the first chapter of John's Gospel we are told, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.' And Jesus Himself said, 'I and my father are one.' "

"Yes," said Mrs. Leland, "it is incomprehensible to me how any one can profess to believe the Bible to be the Word of God and yet deny the divinity of Christ—so plainly is that taught in it again and again."

CHAPTER VII

The days glided by very pleasantly to the little company at Crag Cottage, the greater part of them passed by the children in the open air, far enough from the house to make them feel sure of not disturbing Evelyn, even if they indulged in rather loud chat and laughter.

In the evening, if it were not too cool, they usually gathered upon the porch overlooking the river, and were very apt to be entertained with a story from either Grandma Elsie or Captain Raymond.

"I'm right glad to be where I can see this grand old Hudson River," remarked Edward Leland one evening as they sat there. "It is a beautiful stream, and so much happened on it in early days."

"What in particular are you thinking of now?" asked his mother.

"Something I read not so very long ago in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution. He tells of things that happened to Putnam nearly twenty years before that war. He was lying in a bateau on the east side of the river above the rapids, when he was suddenly surprised by a party of Indians. He couldn't cross the river quickly enough to escape the danger from their rifles; so the only way to save himself from being killed or taken prisoner—which I suppose would have amounted to the same thing—was to go over those dangerous rapids. It took Putnam but an instant to decide; he steered directly down the current, between whirling eddies and over shelving rocks, cleared them all in a few moments, and was gliding along the smooth current below, far out of the reach of the Indians' weapons. They would never have dared to go over those falls as he did, so thought he must have been favored by the Great Spirit, and that if they should try to kill him with powder and ball, that Great Spirit would consider it an affront to him.

"Putnam was certainly a very brave man," continued the lad; "Lossing tells of a brave deed of his at Fort Edward. He says that in the winter of 1756 the barracks took fire, and the magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of gunpowder, was only twelve feet distant from the blaze. Men attempted to knock down those barracks with heavy cannon, but failed.

"Putnam, who was stationed on Roger's Island, in the Hudson, opposite the fort, must have seen the fire. He hurried over there, took his station on the roof of the barracks, and ordered a line of soldiers to hand him water. He did his best, but could not put the fire out; it drew nearer and nearer to the magazine. Colonel Haviland, seeing his danger, ordered him down, but he was too brave and persevering to obey that order; he worked on and would not leave his post until the building began to totter as if just ready to fall. Then he jumped to the ground and put himself between it—the falling barrack—and the magazine, and poured on water with all

his might. The outside planks of the magazine were already burned so that there was only a thin partition between the fire and the powder; but he did succeed in extinguishing the flames and saving the powder."

"But wasn't he dreadfully burned?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, his hands and face were," replied Edward, "and his whole body more or less blistered; so that it was several weeks before he recovered from the bad effects of that fight."

"He must have been a very brave man," cried Ned Raymond.

"He was," said Grandma Elsie. "Would you all like to hear something more about him and his doings?"

"Yes, indeed, grandma, if you will be pleased to tell it," answered several young voices, and at once she began:

"He was a Massachusetts man; had a fine, large farm, where he paid particular attention to the raising of fruits and of sheep. There had been a good many wild beasts in

that region, but in 1735 all seemed to have been killed except an old female wolf that for some seasons went on visiting the farmyards and killing the fowls. Her lair was near Putnam's farm, and one night she killed sixty or seventy of his fine sheep. Of course, a company was promptly raised to search for and kill her. They tracked her to her lair in a cave. It was dark and narrow, but Putnam pursued her into it, shot her at short range and dragged her out in triumph.

"Twenty years after that, 1755, troops were raised to defend the country against the French, and Putnam was given the rank of captain. He became a leading member of the band of Rangers that did much to annoy and embarrass the enemy during the next two years. In 1757 he was promoted to the rank of major, and after that occurred the two events Edward has just given us.

"In August, 1758, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, after a sharp skirmish, near Wood Creek. The Indians tortured him, and then decided to burn him alive. They

stripped him, bound him to a tree and kindled a fire about him. The flames were searing his flesh when Captain Molang, a French officer, came rushing through the crowd, scattered the firebrands, cuffed and upbraided the Indians, and released poor Putnam."

"Then did he get away from the Indians?" asked Elsie.

"He was taken to Montreal and soon afterward exchanged," replied her grandma. "Afterward he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy and given command of a regiment.

"The next year he was with General Amherst in his march from Oswego to Montreal. When going down the St. Lawrence River they found it desirable to dislodge the French from Fort Oswegatchie; but the approach to it was guarded by two schooners, the larger one having twelve guns, which could have done serious damage to the English boats. Thinking of that danger, General Amherst said: 'I wish there were some way of taking that schooner.' 'All right,' said Put-

nam; 'just give me some wedges and a mallet, and half a dozen men of my own choosing, and I'll soon take her for you.'

"The British general smiled incredulously, evidently not believing the thing could be done; but he consented to Putnam's making the proposed attempt, and in the night Putnam and his little party got into a light boat and, with muffled oars, rode under the schooner's stern and drove the wedges between the rudder and the stern-post so firmly as to render the helm unmangeable. They then went around under the bow, cut the vessel's cable, then rowed quietly away. All that, of course, made the vessel unmanageable. She drifted ashore before morning and struck her colors; then the other French vessels surrendered and the English captured the fort.

"But I shall not attempt to tell the story of the services of Putnam's whole life," continued Grandma Elsie. "I suppose what you all care particularly to hear is of what he did and suffered in and after the Revolution."

"Yes, grandma—yes, indeed!" replied several voices, and she continued her story.

"In August, 1774, before General Gage had quite shut up the approaches to Boston, Putnam rode over the Neck with one hundred sheep as a gift from the parish of Brooklyn. While there he was the guest of Dr. Warren. On the twentieth of the next April came the news of the fight at Concord."

"Ah! news didn't fly so fast then as it does now," remarked Eric.

"No, not by any means," assented his grandma. "Putnam was in the field ploughing when it reached him. So great was his excitement on hearing it that he left his plough in the furrow, and without waiting to put on his uniform, mounted a horse and rode toward Cambridge, reaching there at sunrise of the next morning. Later in the same day he was at Concord; but he was soon summoned to Hartford to consult with the Connecticut Legislature. He returned from there with the chief command of the forces of that colony, and the rank of brigadier."

"He was one of the officers at the battle of Bunker Hill, wasn't he, grandma?" asked Eric.

"Yes, he is spoken of as the ranking officer, and it was he who had the earthworks thrown up on the crest of Bunker Hill in the rear, and who, toward the close of the day, conducted the retreat and directed the fortifying of Prospect Hill."

"And his rank was soon made still higher by Congress, was it not, grandma?" asked Edward.

"Yes; in June, 1775, Congress appointed Washington to the chief command and made Ward, Lee, Schuyler and Putnam major-generals. Putnam was in command for a time in New York, in Philadelphia and Princeton; afterward he had charge of the defence of the highlands of the Hudson River, with headquarters at Peekskill.

"There took place an occurrence that will no doubt interest you all. A man named Edmund Palmer was caught lurking in the

American camp and condemned to death as a spy.

"The British considered American spies worthy of death, but that those in the king's service were not; so Sir Henry Clinton sent up a flag of truce from New York and a threat to Putnam of signal vengeance should he dare to injure the person of the king's liege subject, Edmund Palmer.

"The old general's reply was brief and to the point. I think I can recall it word for word:

" 'HEADQUARTERS, 7th of August, 1777.

" 'Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

" 'P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.' "

"I daresay Sir Henry Clinton was very

angry when he read that note?" remarked Eric.

"Yes," said his brother, "but no doubt it was well for Putnam that Sir Henry never had power to carry out his threat of vengeance upon him."

"Is that all of the story about him, grandma?" asked Ned Raymond.

"Yes," she replied, "except that there is a story of a remarkable escape of his from General Tryon's troops by riding down a flight of stone steps at Horseneck, or West Greenwich, in the town of Greenwich, Conn. He was visiting his outposts there, staying at the house of General Mead. It was the 26th of March, early in the morning, and he was standing before a looking-glass shaving, when he saw in the glass the reflection of a body of red-coats marching up the road from the westward. Though only half shaven, he dropped his razor, buckled on his sword, and, hurrying out, mounted his horse and hastened to prepare his handful of men to oppose the approaching enemy. There were nearly fif-

teen hundred of the British regulars and Hessians, under Governor Tryon. Putnam had with him only one hundred and fifty men. He arranged them upon the brow of the hill near a church in the village. There he planted a battery composed of two old iron field-pieces, and waited for the coming of the enemy.

"They came up in a solid column, until almost within musket shot; then detachments were broken off and tried to gain the Americans' flanks. At the same time the British dragoons and some infantry made ready to charge. Perceiving that and noting the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Putnam ordered a retreat—after some volleys of musketry and a few discharges of the field-pieces. But the enemy was so near that the retreat of the Americans became a rout. The soldiers broke and fled singly to the adjacent swamps, and the general, putting spurs to his horse, hastened toward Stamford, pursued by several of the dragoons.

"About a quarter of a mile distant from

Putnam's starting on that ride is a steep declivity; on the brow of that the road turned northward, and passed, in a broad sweep, round the hill. Putnam, seeing that his pursuers were gaining on him, took a desperate resolve, left the road, and wheeled his horse, while on a gallop, down the rocky height, making a zigzag course to the bottom, and reaching the road again in safety."

"And did the dragoons follow him, grandma?" asked Ned.

"No," she said; "it was too perilous for them. They did not dare attempt it. They fired their pistols at Putnam, but did not succeed in wounding him. He rode on in safety to Stamford."

"Was Putnam good to his soldiers, grandma?" asked Elsie.

"I think he was," Mrs. Travilla answered; "he felt for them in their sore privations and tried to get them help. Lossing tells us that in a letter to Washington, January, 1778, he gives a picture of the terrible suffering his soldiers in the highlands were en-

during. He said: 'Very few have either a shoe or a shirt, and most of them have neither stockings, breeches, nor overalls. Several companies of enlisted artificers are in the same situation, and unable to work in the field.' Lossing tells us of something similar that occurred at Reading, in Connecticut, the next year—in 1779. The troops, poor fellows, were badly fed and clothed and worse paid, for their small pittance when it came was in the form of Continental money, which was depreciating rapidly. Brooding over their hard lot, and talking the matter over among themselves, they resolved to march to Hartford and demand of the assembly there a redress of their grievances. The second brigade had assembled under arms with that intention, when Putnam learned what was going on. He at once galloped to the encampment, and earnestly addressed them:

"'My brave lads, where are you going?' he asked. 'Do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you

been fighting and suffering so long for? Is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives, or children? You have behaved like men so far; all the world is full of your praise, and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds, but not if you spoil all at last. Don't you consider how much the country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not been better paid than yourselves? But we all expect better times and that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another, then, and fight it out like brave soldiers. Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut men to run away from their officers.' That was Putnam's little speech, and when he had finished the discontented regiments cheered him loudly, then returned to their quarters in good humor, resolved still to suffer and fight for the cause of their country."

"Poor fellows!" sighed Elsie.

"Did Putnam live till the Revolutionary War was over, grandma?" asked Eric.

"Yes," she replied; "he died on the 29th

of May, 1790, aged seventy-two years. There is an inscription on the marble slab over his grave which says that he was ever tenderly attentive to the lives and happiness of his men and that he dared to lead where any dared to follow. It speaks of how much the country owes to his disinterested and gallant exertions. It speaks of his generosity as singular, his honesty as proverbial, and says that he was one who, with small advantages, slender education, and no powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem, and to offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and the diligent services of a useful life."

CHAPTER VIII

"THANK you for telling us about Putnam, grandma," said Elsie. "I think he was an American to be proud of. Now if you are not too tired, won't you tell us the story of Jane McCrea? I know a little of it, and would like to know more."

"I am very willing to tell you the little I know about her," replied Mrs. Travilla, in her kindly, pleasant tones. "She was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, of Jersey City, opposite New York. In that city—New York—lived a family of the name of Campbell. A daughter of theirs and Jennie had become very intimate. Mr. Campbell died at sea and his widow married a Mr. McNeil. He, too, was lost at sea, and she removed with her family to an estate owned by him at Fort Edward. Jane had a brother

living near there. Mr. McCrea, the father, was a widower, and when he died she went to live with her brother, and, being so near the McNeils, the intimacy was renewed and she spent much of her time in Mrs. McNeil's house. Mrs. Jones, a widow with six sons, lived near the McCreas, and one of them, named David, became Jennie's lover. When the war broke out he and his brothers became Tories, and in the autumn of 1776 David and his brother, Jonathan, went to Canada, and when Burgoyne collected his forces at St. Johns, at the foot of Lake Champlain, David and Jonathan Jones were among them. Jonathan was made captain and David a lieutenant in the division under General Fraser, and at the time we are speaking of they were with the British army near Sandy Hill. Jennie's brother was a Whig, and prepared to remove to Albany; but Mrs. McNeil was a staunch Loyalist, a cousin of General Fraser, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. Jennie was at Mrs. McNeil's, and lingered there even after it was known that the British

were near, and her brother had sent her repeatedly urgent requests to join him where he was—five miles farther down the river, and be ready to flee when necessity should compel. But she lingered, probably with the faint hope of seeing her lover again. At last her brother sent a peremptory order for her to join him, and she promised to go down to the spot where he was in a large bateau, which was expected to leave with several families the next day.

"But Jennie had waited too long. Early the next morning a black servant boy belonging to Mrs. McNeil espied some Indians stealthily approaching the house, and, giving the alarm, he fled to the fort, about eight rods distant.

"Jennie's young friend, Mrs. McNeil's daughter, was away from home at the time, and the family there just then consisted of only Mrs. McNeil, Jennie, two small children and a black female servant.

"The kitchen stood a few feet from the house, and when the alarm was given the col-

ored woman snatched up the children, fled with them to the kitchen, and from there, through a trap-door, into the cellar.

"Mrs. McNeil and Jennie followed. Jennie, young and able to move briskly, reached the trap-door first; but Mrs. McNeil, being old and corpulent, could not move rapidly, and before she could get down into the cellar the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair and dragged her up. Another went into the cellar and brought out Jennie, but the darkness of the cellar favored the colored woman and the children. It would seem the Indians did not see them, so left them in their hiding place unharmed.

"The Indians started off on the road to Sandy Hill, taking Mrs. McNeil and Jennie with them; that was the road to Burgoyne's camp.

"When they came to the foot of a hill, where the road forked, they caught two horses that were grazing, and tried to mount their prisoners upon them. Mrs. McNeil was too

heavy to be lifted on the horse easily, so told the Indians by signs that she could not ride. Then two stout ones of them took her by the arms and hurried her up the road over the hill, while the others, with Jennie on the horse, went along the road running west of a tree.

"The negro boy who ran to the fort gave the alarm, and a small detachment was immediately sent out for the rescue of the captured ones. They fired several volleys at the Indians without hitting them. Lossing, whose version of the sad story I am giving you, goes on to tell that Mrs. McNeil said that the Indians who were hurrying her up the hill seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times threw her upon her face, at the same time falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls whistle above them. The firing ceased when they had got to the second hill from the village. They stopped there and stripped her of all her garments except her chemise; then they led her, in that plight, into the British camp. Her cousin,

General Fraser, was there, and she reproached him bitterly for sending his 'scoundrel Indians' after her. He said he did not know of her being away from New York City, and he took every pains to make her comfortable. She was so large that not a woman in the camp had a gown big enough for her, so Fraser lent her his camp coat for a garment, and a pocket handkerchief to take the place of her stolen cap.

"Very soon after she was taken into the camp, two parties of Indians came in with fresh scalps, one of which Mrs. McNeil at once recognized by the long glossy hair as that of Jennie McCrea. She was horror struck and boldly charged them with the murder of the poor girl. They, however, stoutly denied it. They said that while hurrying her along the road, on horseback, near the spring west of the pine-tree, a bullet intended for them from one of the American guns mortally wounded the poor girl, and she fell from the horse. They had lost a prisoner for whom they had expected a reward, and the next best

thing was to take her scalp and bear it in triumph to the camp and get the promised reward for such trophies.

"Mrs. McNeil always believed their story to be true, as she knew they had been fired upon by the detachment from the fort, and that it was far more to their interest to take a prisoner to the British camp than a scalp, as they would get the larger price for the former. Burgoyne had told the Indians they should be paid for prisoners whom they took, but called to account for scalps."

"So it seems Burgoyne wasn't all bad," commented Eric. "And I think it must have been a good deal more trouble to get that big fat old woman into the camp alive than it would have been to get the young girl there without killing her."

"Was her lover there in that camp, grandma?" asked Elsie.

"No; Lieutenant Jones was not there, but it was known that she was betrothed to him, and the story got about that he had sent the Indians for her, that they quarrelled on the

way concerning the reward he had offered, and murdered her to settle the dispute.

"The story grew in horror as it passed from one to another, and produced a deep and widespread indignation, increased by a published letter from Gates to Burgoyne charging him with allowing the Indians to butcher with impunity defenceless women and children.

"Burgoyne denied it, declaring that the case of Jane McCrea was the only one act of Indian cruelty he had heard of. That assertion is hard to believe, for the savages murdered a whole family—a man, his wife, three children, a sister-in-law and three negroes, near Fort Edward on the same day that Jennie lost her life. And they were Tories; but, afraid of the savages, were getting ready to flee to Albany. On that fatal morning a younger daughter of Mr. Gilmer went to help Mrs. Allen with her preparations to move, and, staying longer than had been expected, her father sent a negro boy down for her. He soon came back screaming, 'They are all dead—father, mother, young missus and all.'

And it was too true. That morning, while they were at breakfast, the Indians had burst in upon them and killed every one."

"And what did the Gilmers do about it, grandma?" asked Ned.

"Hurried away to Fort Edward, going very cautiously for fear of meeting Indians. And they did see some of the party who had plundered Mrs. McNeil's house in the morning. They had emptied the straw from the beds and filled the ticks with various things which they had stolen. And Mrs. McNeil's daughter, who was with the Gilmers, saw her mother's looking-glass tied upon the back of one of the Indians."

"And did those folks get safely to Fort Edward, grandma?" asked Ned.

"They did," replied Mrs. Travilla, then went on with her story. "The story of Jennie McCrea's massacre became known all over the civilized part of this land and in Europe. Burk, says Lossing, used it with powerful effect in the British House of Commons. Burgoyne summoned the Indians to council,

and demanded the surrender of the one who bore off the scalp of Jennie McCrea, to be punished as a murderer; but from policy he pardoned him, lest the Indians should be so offended if he punished him that they would cease to help the British in their efforts to conquer the Americans.

"It had been said that Lieutenant Jones had sent his Jennie a letter by the Indians, and them as an escort to take her to the British camp. But he denied it all, and indeed he had no need to send for her, as the Americans were retreating, leaving only a small guard at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of the fort, so that he and his Jennie might have had a safe personal interview."

"Is there anything more known about Lieutenant Jones, grandma?" asked Elsie.

"Lossing tells us that he had an interview with some connections of his family, and learned from them that he lived in Canada, to be an old man, and died there. The death of his Jennie was a dreadful blow to him,

and he never recovered from it. He had been gay and very talkative when quite young, but after that sad event he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married, and went into society as little as he could without neglecting business. Every year he kept the anniversary of Jennie's death—he would shut himself in his room and refuse to see any one. His friends felt for him and were careful not to speak of the Revolution in his presence. He bought Jennie's scalp and kept it as a cherished possession."

"Grandma, was Jennie buried? And if so, is it known where?" asked Elsie.

"Yes; Lossing tells that a picket-guard of one hundred men, under Lieutenant Van Vechten, was stationed on the hill a little north of the pine-tree on that day that we have been talking about, and at the moment when the house of Mrs. McNeil was attacked and plundered, and she and Jennie were carried off, other parties of Indians, belonging to the same expedition, came rushing through

the woods from different points and fell upon the Americans. Several were killed and their scalps borne off. The party that went out from the fort in pursuit found their bodies. Jennie and the officer were found lying near together, close by the spring, and only a few feet from the pine-tree. They were stripped of clothing. They were carried immediately to the fort—the Americans at once evacuated it—and the body of Jennie was sent down the river in the bateau in which she was to have gone to her brother. It seems that he was very fond of her, and took charge of her mutilated corpse with the deepest grief. It was buried at the same time and place with that of the lieutenant, on the west bank of the Hudson, near the mouth of a small creek about three miles below Fort Edward."

"Did the Indians kill Mrs. McNeil, grandma?" asked Ned.

"No; she lived a good many years, and her grave can be seen in the village cemetery near the ruins of the fort. Lossing says that in

the summer of 1826 the remains of Jennie were taken up and put in the same grave with her. A plain white marble slab, with only the name Jane McCrea on it, marks the spot."

CHAPTER IX

The children's bedtime had come and they had gone to their sleeping quarters for the night. Grandma Elsie was holding the new baby while having a bit of chat with its mother; most of the other grown people were enjoying themselves together in the parlor, but Lucilla and her father were pacing the front porch, as they so often did, while Mamma Vi put the younger ones to bed.

"Have you had a pleasant time to-day, daughter?" asked the captain.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied. "I paid Eva a visit and enjoyed holding and looking at the darling little newcomer—Baby Mary. I like the name; don't you, father?"

"Yes, both the name and the one who bears it. What else have you been doing?"

"Sitting out here with a bit of needlework while Grandma Elsie gave us some interest-

ing passages from the history of our country in Revolutionary days—of Putnam and his services, and the sad story of poor Jane McCrea. I have been thinking, father, that you could give us interesting facts concerning other actors in the thrilling scenes and experiences of those dark days for our country."

"Perhaps so," he answered, "though I doubt if I should equal mother as a narrator."

"A doubt I don't in the least share, father," laughed Lucilla. "You always speak the truth, but are a good story teller for all that."

"That is in the judgment of my very partial daughter," the captain responded, with an amused look and smile. "There are other Revolutionary heroes," he continued, "the facts concerning whom would make very interesting tales—Morgan and Schuyler, for instance."

"And you will tell them to us, father? Oh, that will be fine."

"And I shall be glad indeed if I can add to the information and enjoyment of my own young people and the others," he returned.

"Evelyn has quite a library here, collected by her father, in which are a number of encyclopædias and historical works—those of Lossing and others. I shall refresh my memory in regard to Morgan and Schuyler, and perhaps tell you something of one or both to-morrow evening, should mother feel indisposed for such work."

It was settled at the tea table the next day that the captain was to be the narrator for the little company for that evening, Grandma Elsie saying she would greatly prefer being a listener. All gathered about him on the front porch directly upon leaving the table, and he began the story at once.

"Daniel Morgan was born in New Jersey about 1737. There is little or nothing known of his parents except that he had a pious mother and that he was of Welsh extraction. When about seventeen years old he went to Virginia, where he worked as a farmer for some years. Early in 1754 he removed to Charlestown, Va., and the next year he began his military career, going with Brad-

dock's army in the expedition against Fort du Quesne.

"He seems to have been a teamster, and in the rout did good service in bringing away the wounded after the defeat. Washington, you will remember, was there as aid-de-camp to Braddock, and doubtless he and Morgan became acquainted then.

"It is said that Morgan was unjustly punished with five hundred lashes for knocking down a British officer who struck him with the flat of his sword.

"Afterward he was attached to the quartermaster's department, and his duty was to haul supplies to the military posts along the frontier.

"About that time, at the head of a few backwoodsmen, he defeated a small force of Frenchmen and Indians, and received from Governor Dinwiddie an ensign's commission.

"Afterward, while on his way to Winchester with despatches, he and others engaged in a fierce woodland fight with the Indians, in which nearly all Morgan's companions were

killed and he was severely wounded, being shot through the neck with a musket ball. At the moment he supposed the wound to be fatal—he was almost fainting—but resolved not to leave his scalp in the hands of the Indians. He fell forward with his arms tightly clasped about the neck of his horse, and though mists were gathering before his eyes, he spurred away through the forest paths, until his foremost Indian pursuer, finding it impossible to come up with him, hurled his tomahawk after him with a yell of baffled rage and gave up the chase. That was the only wound he ever received."

"And it didn't hinder him from doing great service to his country in the Revolutionary War," remarked Eric Leland.

"Some few years later," continued the captain, "Morgan obtained a grant of land, took to farming and stock-raising, and married a farmer's daughter, Abigail Bailey, who is said to have been a woman of rare beauty and lofty character. He named his home the 'Soldier's Rest,' but was soon called away

from it by Pontiac's war. In that he served as a lieutenant. He prospered with his farming and acquired considerable property. But the calls to war were frequent. In 1771 he was commissioned captain of the militia of Frederick County, and two years later he served in Lord Dunmore's war on the frontier."

CHAPTER X

"In June, 1775, Congress called for ten companies of riflemen from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland to join the Continental army besieging Boston," continued the captain. "Morgan was chosen captain of one of the Virginia companies, consisting of ninety-six men, and with it he reached Cambridge about the middle of July.

"A month later eleven hundred hardy men were detached from the army for the service of Arnold in his expedition against Canada, and its riflemen were commanded by Captain Daniel Morgan. We will not now go over the story of that toilsome, perilous and unfortunate expedition. The journey through the wilderness was a terrible one; but our brave men persevered and reached Canada. Morgan and his men were the first to cross the St. Lawrence and reconnoitre the approaches to

Quebec, which was too strongly defended to be attacked with any hope of success. But a great attack was made on New Year's morning, 1776, in which Montgomery was killed and Arnold disabled. Morgan stormed the battery opposed to him, but not being supported, he and his detachment were surrounded and taken prisoners. But General Carleton, admiring Morgan for his bravery, released him on parole and he went home to Virginia.

"Washington earnestly recommended him to Congress as worthy of promotion, and in November they gave him a colonel's commission. He was duly exchanged and released from parole. He raised a regiment of riflemen and joined the army at Morristown, New Jersey, late in March.

"Morgan's services in reconnoitring were very great in the skilful campaign of the following June, in which Washington prevented Howe from crossing New Jersey.

"In the following July Burgoyne's descent into northern New York made it desirable to

concentrate as large a body of troops there as possible to oppose him, and on the 16th of August Morgan was sent with his regiment to join the army near Stillwater, of which Gates had lately taken command. His force was five hundred picked riflemen, of whom Washington said that he expected the most eminent service from them; nor was he disappointed. And it is said that when Burgoyne was introduced to Morgan after the battle of Saratoga, he seized him by the hand and exclaimed: 'My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world!' It was no wonder that Burgoyne thought highly of their skill; for Morgan and his men had played a principal part in the bloody battle of Freeman's farm, in which Arnold frustrated Burgoyne's attempt to dislodge the American left wing from Bemis Heights, and their services were quite as great in the final conflict of October 7th, in which the British army was wrecked."

"Wasn't it in the battle of Bemis Heights that General Fraser was killed, papa?" asked Elsie.

"Yes," replied her father. "Morgan's men were skilful riflemen and one of them shot Fraser. Morgan, seeing that by directing and cheering on the British troops Fraser was doing more than any one else to defeat and slay the Americans, perceived that much of the fate of the battle rested upon him, and that to bring victory to the Americans, who were fighting for freedom, it was necessary that Fraser should be taken away. So, calling a file of his best men around him, he pointed toward the British right and said: 'That gallant officer is General Fraser. I admire and honor him, but it is necessary that he should die; victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your station in that clump of bushes and do your duty.'

"Lossing says, 'Within five minutes Fraser fell mortally wounded, and was carried to the camp by two grenadiers. Shortly before that two rifle balls had struck very near him, one cutting the crupper of his horse, and the other passing through his mane, a little back of his ears. Seeing all that, Fraser's aid begged

him to retire from that place. But Fraser replied, 'My duty forbids me to fly from danger,' and the next moment came the shot that killed him."

"Oh, papa, it was a sad, sad thing to do; a sad thing to order!" exclaimed Elsie. "I don't see how Morgan could do it."

"It was a sad thing. War is always dreadful and a great and fearful wrong—often on both sides, sometimes right on one, as I think it was in our War of the Revolution; very wicked on the side of King George and his ministers, right and praiseworthy on the part of the Americans who were fighting for freedom for themselves and their posterity. I cannot see why it should be thought any more sinful to kill Fraser than any one of the privates under him and whom he was ordering to shoot our men; and no doubt his death at that time saved many—probably hundreds of the lives of Americans who were fighting for life, liberty, home, wives and children.

"And the mortal wounding of Fraser had a good effect—a panic spread along the Brit-

ish line. Burgoyne, who now took the command, could not keep up the sinking courage of his men. The whole line gave way and fled hastily to their camp.

"But I shall not go farther into the account of that battle at present; in the one which followed on the 7th of October, and in which the British army was wrecked, Morgan's services were equally great and important.

"After the victory Gates was unwilling to send Morgan and his regiment back to Washington at Whitemarsh, and it was only with some difficulty and by sending Colonel Hamilton with a special message that the sorely tried commander-in-chief succeeded in obtaining him.

"Washington was at Whitemarsh, near Philadelphia, and on the 18th of November, 1777, Morgan joined him there; in time to take part in the fight early in December of that year.

"On Sunday, the 8th, they advanced, and flanking parties were warmly attacked by

Colonel Morgan and his rifle corps, and Colonel Gist, with the Maryland militia. The battle was quite severe. Twenty-seven men in Morgan's corps were killed and wounded, beside Major Morris, a brave and gallant officer, who was badly maimed. Sixteen or seventeen of the Maryland militia were wounded.

"The enemy's loss, too, was considerable. The movements of the British seemed to indicate an intention to immediately attack the Americans, so that Washington was presently surprised to perceive that instead of advancing they were marching precipitately, in two divisions, toward Philadelphia. As their adjutant remarked to Mrs. Lydia Darrah, whose story you have all heard before, they had been on a fool's errand and accomplished nothing.

"On the 25th of August, 1777, Washington, with several divisions of his troops, Morgan and his rifle corps among them, left Philadelphia and encamped at Red Clay Creek, a few miles below Wilmington, the

next day. Washington established his headquarters at Wilmington, and at once made preparations to oppose the march of the enemy, scouts having brought him news of their arrival at the head of Elk.

"In September, Washington broke up his camp and crossed the Brandywine at Chadd's Ford, at about two o'clock on the morning of the 9th. The 11th of September was the day of the battle of Brandywine."

"Which was a defeat for us, wasn't it, uncle?" asked Eric.

"Yes, though our troops fought very bravely," replied Captain Raymond. "There were but eleven thousand of them and the British force was probably not less than seventeen thousand men. Lossing tells us that had not conflicting intelligence perplexed and thwarted him in his plans, it is probable that victory would have attended Washington and the American army. He was not dispirited.

"But to go back to Morgan. When in June, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadel-

phia and set out for New York by way of New Jersey, the news presently reached Washington, and he at once broke up his encampment at Valley Forge, and with almost his whole army started in pursuit.

"Morgan was in that army with six hundred men. This was on June 20. I will not go over the whole story. The battle of Monmouth was not fought until the next Sunday, which was the 28th, and an exceedingly hot day. I shall not go into the particulars in regard to it just now, but only remark that Morgan was most unaccountably kept out of the conflict—he and his brave riflemen at a distance from the field. For hours he was at Richmond Mills, three miles from Monmouth Court House, awaiting orders in an agony of desire to engage in the battle, for he was within sound of its fearful tumult. He strode to and fro, uncertain what course to pursue, and, like a hound on the leash, panting to be away to action. It is not known why he was not permitted to take part in that conflict. It seems altogether likely that had he fallen

upon the British rear with his fresh troops at the close of the day, Sir Henry Clinton and his army might have shared the fate of Burgoyne and his at Saratoga.

"After the battle, Morgan joined in the pursuit of the enemy and took many prisoners.

"About a year later, finding his health seriously impaired, and, like many other officers, feeling much dissatisfaction with the doings of Congress, especially with regard to promotion, Morgan sent in his resignation and went home to Winchester.

"About a year after that, when Gates took command of the southern army, Morgan was urged to return to the service; but he refused to serve as a colonel, because if he did he would be outranked by so many commanders of state militia that his movements would be seriously hampered and his usefulness impaired. As Congress declined to promote him, he remained at home; but after the great disaster at Camden he declared that it was no time to let personal considerations have

any weight, and he promptly joined Gates at Hillsborough.

"That was in September; in October he received promotion, being made a brigadier-general, and Congress soon had reason to rejoice over the fact that it had done that act of justice, since it had resulted in placing Morgan where his great powers could be made of the uttermost service to the country.

"It was in December that Greene took command of the southern army, and he then sent Morgan, with nine hundred men, to threaten the important inland posts of Augusta and Ninety-six, and to co-operate with the mountain militia. In order to protect those posts and his communication with them, Cornwallis sent the redoubtable Tarleton with eleven hundred men to dispose of Morgan. As they drew near, Morgan retreated to the grazing ground known as the Cowpens,* where, on a long rising slope, he

* The author's grandfather, Samuel Finley, had charge of the artillery (one cannon) at the battle of the Cowpens, was afterward complimented at the head of his regiment and called "the brave little major."

awaited Tarleton's attack. His men were drawn up in two lines, the militia, under Pickens, in front, and the Continentals, under Howard, one hundred and fifty yards behind. Some distance behind these waited Colonel William Washington, with his admirable cavalry.

"When the British attacked Pickens' line, after a brief resistance, the militia broke into two parts and retired behind Howard's line of Continentals. As the British advanced to attack this line it retreated slowly, so as to give Pickens time to reform his militia. Presently Pickens swept forward in a great semicircle around Howard's right, and attacked the British in their left flank. At the same moment Colonel Washington swept around Howard's left and charged upon the enemy's right flank while Howard's line, after a few deadly volleys at thirty yards, rushed forward with levelled bayonets.

"Thus terribly entrapped, most of the British threw down their arms and surren-

dered, while the rest scattered and fled. They lost heavily, in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides two field-pieces and one thousand stand of arms. Only two hundred and seventy escaped, among them Tarleton, who barely saved himself in a furious single combat with Colonel Washington.

"The loss of the Americans in this astonishing action was twelve killed and sixty-one wounded. It is said that in point of tactics it was the most brilliant battle of the Revolutionary War. And it is brilliant even compared with the work of the greatest masters of the military art.

"That victory of the Americans was a crippling blow to Cornwallis, because it deprived him of his most effective light infantry.

"Cornwallis was nearer than Morgan to the fords of the Catawba which Morgan must cross to rejoin Greene, but by a superb march Morgan gained the river first, crossed it and kept on into North Carolina.

"There was a masterly series of movements there, after Greene's arrival, which ended in

the battle of Guilford and Cornwallis's retreat into Virginia.

"But before the campaign was ended Morgan was suffering so severely with rheumatism that he was compelled to quit active work and go home.

"That was in February, 1781. By the following June he had so far recovered that he was able to command troops to suppress a Loyalist insurrection in the Shenandoah Valley.

"He then reported to Lafayette at his headquarters near Jamestown, and was put in command of all the light troops and cavalry in the marquis's army. But in August a return of his rheumatism again obliged him to go home.

"For the next thirteen years he had a quiet life upon his estate. He grew wealthy, and entertained many eminent and interesting guests. His native qualities of mind were such as to make his conversation instructive and charming, in spite of the defect of his early education.

"In 1795, with the rank of major-general, he held a command in the large army that, by its mere presence in Western Pennsylvania, put an end to the whiskey insurrection. The next year he was elected by the Federalists to Congress. But failing health again called him home before the end of his term, and from this time until his death he seldom left his fireside. He died on the 6th of July, 1802, in the sixty-seventh year of his age."

"Was he a Christian man, papa?" asked Elsie.

"I think he was," her father said in reply. "He had a pious mother and it seems never forgot her teachings. In his later years he became a member of the Presbyterian church in Winchester. 'Ah,' he would often exclaim, when talking of the past, 'people said old Morgan never feared—they thought old Morgan never prayed—they did not know old Morgan was miserably afraid.' He said he trembled at Quebec, and in the gloom of early morning, when approaching the battery at Cape Diamond, he knelt in the snow and

prayed; and before the battle at the Cowpens, he went into the woods, ascended a tree, and there poured out his soul in prayer for protection.

"Morgan was large and strong. He was six feet in height and very muscular, and weighed more than two hundred pounds. His strength and endurance were remarkable; and he was a very handsome man—said to be equalled by but few men of his time in beauty of feature and expression. His manners were quiet and refined, his bearing was noble and his temper sweet, though his wrath was easily aroused by the sight of injustice."

"No wonder, then, that he took up arms against King George," remarked Lucilla.

"A natural result of having such a disposition, I think," returned her father, and went on with his story.

"Morgan was noted for truthfulness and candor, and throughout life his conduct was regulated by the most rigid code of honor. He was also, as I have said, a devout Christian."

"Oh, I am so glad of that!" exclaimed little Elsie; "and I hope we will all meet him in heaven—the dear, brave, good man."

"I hope we will, daughter," responded the captain heartily, while several of his other listeners looked as if they shared the feelings of love and admiration for the brave patriot, Daniel Morgan.

CHAPTER XI

It was now a little past the children's bedtime, so they bade good-night, and went within doors. Grace and Harold and Mr. Leland withdrew from the porch also, and the captain and Lucilla had it to themselves. They paced back and forth, arm in arm, conversing in rather subdued tones.

"You heard from Chester to-day?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; such a bright, cheerful letter. He is very well, prospering with his business, and enjoying himself morning and evenings at Ion, where they are most kindly insistent on entertaining him until my return. He has been out to Sunnyside and reports that everything is in fine order there—indoors and out. He says he will be delighted to see his wife when she returns, but hopes she

will stay in the north until the weather is cooler."

"That is all very satisfactory," said her father. "I am glad you have so kind and affectionate a husband, and I hope to be able to return you to him in a very few weeks."

"I am glad of that, since the return will not separate me, to any great extent, from the dear father who does so much to make my life bright and happy," she said, with a sweet and loving smile up into his face. "Oh, father, how much easier and happier life seems to be to us than it was to those poor fellows who fought the battles of the Revolution through such poverty and suffering. It makes my heart ache to read and to think of the bleeding of their bare feet on the snow as they marched over it, and to know that they were in rags and sometimes had little or nothing to eat."

"Yes," said her father, "I feel very much as you do about it. I wish I knew they were all Christians, therefore happy in heaven now."

"So do I, father," she sighed, "but it seems

to me one of the very dreadful things about war is its sending so many to death with no time for preparation, and probably in the heat of passion with their foes."

"That is true," he said. "War is a dreadful thing; always very wicked on one side, if not on both. The Revolutionary War was right and commendable on the side of our forbears—resisting tyranny as they were—and we, their descendants, are reaping from it the rich fruit of freedom."

"And it is rich fruit!" exclaimed Lucilla in joyous tones.

> "Land where my fathers died,
> Land of the pilgrim's pride,
> From every mountain side
> Let Freedom ring."

"Sounds quite like Fourth of July, sis," laughed a manly voice behind her, and turning she found Max standing there.

"Will three be as good company as two?" he asked, in the same lively tone in which he had spoken before.

"Better," replied their father; "at least in

this instance; and the porch is wide enough for three to walk abreast."

"And it won't hurt Lu to take one of my arms as well as yours, sir," said Max, offering it.

"Well, I will; it isn't every day now that I get the chance," she responded, slipping her hand into it. "Now I think we will have a fine promenade."

"What report can you give of wife and daughter at the present moment, Max?" asked the captain.

"Oh, they are doing finely. Eva says she feels quite well enough to be up and about if that tyrannical doctor didn't forbid it. And our baby is good as gold—and a great deal more valuable," he added, with a happy laugh.

"She's prettier than gold this one of her aunts thinks," laughed Lucilla. "And what a treasure she will be in Sunnyside, our sweet, pretty home."

"Yes, I hope so. It is very good of you to give her such a royal welcome."

"Ah, if only her father could be with us all the time!" sighed Lucilla.

"Perhaps in that case his companionship might, at times, grow wearisome," laughed Max. "'Blessings brighten as they take their flight,' and perhaps it may be so with brothers and husbands."

"A remark I should advise you not to make in Eva's hearing," she returned in mirthful tones.

"Ah, she would know just how to appreciate it," said Max. Then, turning to their father, "I was much interested in your account of Morgan, sir," he said. "He was a grand man and did a great deal to win the independence of these United States, now the greatest, grandest country the sun shines upon."

"He did, indeed," the captain said emphatically, "and deserves to be remembered with love and gratitude. He was a very successful leader in those times of our country's sore distress; and he could not have been had not God given him wisdom and skill in answer

to prayer. My son, I hope you will follow his example in that."

"Such is my purpose, my dear father, and has been my practice thus far," Max returned with emotion. "Trusting in God it seems to me is the only thing that can enable one to go calmly and composedly to the post of duty when that lies where the messengers of wounds and death are flying thick and fast."

"Yes, I think so," assented the captain. "Washington, our great and successful commander-in-chief, was a man of prayer—raised up, I have no doubt, by a kind Providence, for the work that he did. And there were other praying men among our leaders. It was a fearful struggle, but God helped us and enabled us to become the free, strong nation that we are."

"Oh, how thankful we ought to be!" exclaimed Lucilla. "It seems to me it was a very ridiculous idea that this great, big country should be governed by that little one away across the ocean; especially as she wanted to

be so tyrannical; for it is certainly true that 'taxation without representation is tyranny.'"

"Yes," said Max. "An Englishman, arguing with me the other day about it, said it was so small a tax that the colonists were decidedly foolish to make such a fuss and go to war to avoid it. I told him it was principle which made them so determined; because if they allowed the English Parliament to impose a small tax without the consent of the colonies, they might—and would be very likely to—go on and levy other and much heavier ones. The colonists were a free-born people, and meant to remain free; preferring even death to slavery."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Lucilla; "and that last word of yours, Max, reminds me that George III. highly approved of the slave trade and wanted it carried on; and it seems as if he was by no means averse to enslaving the whites of this country."

"Quite desirous to do so; even to the setting of the savages to the butchering of women

and children," added Max. "But all that being so long in the past, he in his grave, and our liberties secure, it is hardly worth while now to rake up the faults and failings of the poor, crazy old king."

"His granddaughter has proved a much better and wiser sovereign," said Lucilla. "Women do sometimes do better than men."

"At some things—things not requiring much physical strength, for example," the captain said, with an amused glance down into his daughter's face.

"Yes, father, it is certainly true that men excel us in physical strength; but is that any reason why women should be paid less for their work and taxed quite as heavily on their property—if they happen to have any?" she concluded with a laugh.

"No, I think not," was his smiling rejoinder. "Ah, what is wrong, I wonder!" as at that instant the man in charge of the Dolphin was seen coming with swift strides up from the wharf toward the house. They stood still, watching him in silence till he

drew near enough for speech; then the captain asked, "What is it, Mr. Bailey?"

"Oh, Captain Raymond, I have a dreadful piece of news for you," was the reply, in a tone that spoke of disturbed feeling; "news from Buffalo that President McKinley has been shot."

"Shot intentionally? murdered?" asked the captain, in tones that spoke astonishment and horror.

"Yes, sir; the work of an anarchist of unpronounceable name. If I had my way anarchists should be promptly expelled from this land and forever excluded from it."

"Is McKinley dead?" asked Max.

"No; but the wound is supposed to be mortal; noted surgeons are attending him but have hardly a hope of being able to save his life."

"And what have they done with his murderer?" asked Max. "Torn him limb from limb?"

"That's what would have been done by the crowd in building and street, if the police

hadn't been able to keep them off till they could get him into prison."

"It was what he deserved," said Max hotly and with emotion; "but the police did their duty; every criminal has a right to trial by judge and jury."

The voices of those on the porch had been somewhat raised by excitement, attracting the attention of those of the family who were within doors, and bringing them out to learn what was going on. There were questions and answers, expressions of grief and horror and queries as to what had and would be done with the assassin, what hope might be entertained of the President's recovery, and should he die, would Roosevelt make a good and competent successor?—that last query coming from the ladies. The gentlemen at once expressed the opinion that he would, but also the hope that McKinley would be spared and restored to health and strength.

CHAPTER XII

The next eight days were with the older people at Crag Cottage, as with the rest of the nation, days of anxiety and alternating hope and fear with regard to the dastardly attack upon the President of the United States. After that came the sad news of his death, and there was mourning all over the land, but mourning mingled with gladness that so good and capable a successor had been provided that the country seemed in no danger.

Eva was able to sit up now a part of each day, and her baby growing fairer, beginning to smile and to coo very prettily, thought her young mother and aunts—to say nothing of her proud and happy father. Max wanted to see wife and baby safe in their Sunnyside home, and all began to talk gaily of soon

starting on their often-made southward trip in the Dolphin.

Grandma Elsie, doing all in her power for every one's welfare and enjoyment, seemed content to go or to stay, as did her son Harold and his Grace; it mattered little to them where they were if only they might be together. The two couples—Captain Raymond and Violet, and Mr. and Mrs. Leland—seemed to enjoy themselves and to feel indifferent in regard to the exact time of leaving.

The days passed very pleasantly; there were walks and drives, trips up and down the river in the Dolphin, hours passed upon the porch, if the weather were fine, or the parlor, if it happened to be stormy, in cheerful chat, amusing games, or listening to interesting stories from Grandma Elsie or the captain.

And so the days and weeks rolled on until September was gone and October had come in. Then they felt that they must go—the calls from the loved southern homes were so many and so loud and re-echoed by their own

hearts. They wanted to go, yet it seemed a trifle saddening to think of leaving this sweet place on the grand old Hudson River.

The last evening of their stay was lovely and warm for the season, and until the children's bedtime they passed it on the front porch, where they had a view of the river.

A pause in the conversation was broken by a request from Elsie Raymond.

"Papa, won't you tell us about another of the Revolutionary officers?"

"I am very willing to do so, daughter, but which shall it be?" the captain asked.

"I should like to hear about General Greene, if the rest of the folks here would," she answered, glancing from one to another.

"I think we would all be pleased to hear about him," said Grandma Elsie, "for surely he was next to Washington in bravery, talent for the work in hand, and success in using it."

So the captain began.

"I think he had no other superior than Washington in the art and practice of war.

He was a native of Rhode Island, the son of Quaker parents, brought up to be industrious and painstaking, and managed to get a good education largely by his own determined efforts in private study of ancient and English history, law, geometry and moral and political science; he was also fond of reading books upon war.

"Some few years before the Revolutionary War he was chosen a member of the Rhode Island Assembly, and was one of those who engaged in military exercises as a preparation for the coming struggle with England for the freedom which belonged of right to the people of this land.

"In 1774 he enlisted as private, and in 1775 was appointed to the command of the Rhode Island contingent of the army at Boston, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was with Montgomery and Arnold in their invasion of Canada. He was made a major-general in 1775, and distinguished himself in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

"He commanded a division at the battle of

Brandywine and did great service there. It is said that by his skilful movements then and there he saved the American army from utter destruction. He had part in the battle of Germantown also, commanding the left wing.

"Soon after the taking of Andre Washington sent orders to General Greene to put the left wing of the army near Tappan in motion as soon as possible, and march toward King's Ferry. It was midnight when the express reached Greene's quarters; before dawn the whole division was upon the march. But I think you are all pretty well acquainted with the story of Andre, his doings and consequent end; so I shall not repeat it here and now."

"But, papa, won't you go a little more into the details of the battle of Brandywine?" asked Grace.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied. "Greene's work was very important there. The British army was very much stronger than ours—they having eighteen thousand men, while ours were only eleven thousand.

Washington had a very strong position at Chadd's and Brinton's Fords. The British hoped to drive him from it in turning his right flank by a circuitous march of eighteen miles up the Lancaster road and across the forks of the Brandywine toward Birmingham meeting-house. The British were safe in trying to do this, because their force was large enough to enable them to separate the wings of their army with little risk. Cornwallis conducted the movement in an admirable manner, but did not succeed in striking the American flank, because Washington made a new front with his right wing under Sullivan, near Birmingham meeting-house, so that Sullivan received the attack on his front.

"A desperate fight ensued, in which the British army, being so superior in numbers to ours, at length succeeded in pushing Sullivan obliquely toward the village of Dilworth. Had they succeeded in completing that movement it would have cut the American army in two and utterly routed it. But Washington sent a prompt order to General Greene, who

commanded the centre behind Chadd's Ford. Washington's order was to stop the dangerous gap, and on receiving it Greene immediately obeyed, marching his troops five miles in forty-five minutes, and connecting with Sullivan near Dilworth, he averted the impending destruction of the army. Wayne had time to withdraw the centre and Armstrong the right wing, all in good order, and the whole army was united at Chester in excellent condition."

"It strikes me," remarked Doctor Harold, "that was hardly a defeat of our troops—the same careless writers have vaguely described the American army as routed at the battle of Brandywine. Surely an army cannot properly be said to be routed when it is ready to begin to fight again the next day."

"No," replied the captain, "and the fact that Washington's manœuvring prevented Howe's return to Philadelphia for fifteen days shows that the Americans were not routed; and what saved from that was Greene's memorable double-quick march to

Dilworth and his admirable manner of sustaining the fight at that critical point.

"On the 26th of September, Howe, having eluded Washington on the Schuylkill, entered Philadelphia, stationing the bulk of his army in Germantown, and on the 4th of October the battle of Germantown was fought. Greene, intending to attack the front of the British right wing, was delayed by the difficulties of his route and the mistake of the guide, so did not get to the field as early as was planned, and the ground assigned to him was accidentally occupied by Wayne.

"When victory seemed almost won an unfortunate mishap turned the tide, and General Greene again with wonderful skill covered the retreat.

"In 1778 he was made quartermaster-general, accepting the office at Washington's earnest solicitation, but reserving his right to command on the field of battle.

"On the 18th of June the British evacuated Philadelphia, and took up their line of march through the Jerseys. Hamilton and

Greene urged giving them battle, and on the 28th of June a general attack was made on Clinton's forces at Monmouth Court House.

"After the battle Washington marched northward, crossed the Hudson, and encamped in Westchester County, while Clinton continued his retreat to New York.

"And Greene, taking no rest, immediately attended to the numerous orders and dispositions required of him as quartermaster-general.

"On the coming of the French fleet it was decided to make a combined attack upon Newport. Greene wished to take part in it, and in August he took up his quarters with one division of the army at Tiverton.

"But the French had a variety of mishaps, chief among them the disablement of their fleet by a tremendous gale.

"Soon afterward Greene went to Philadelphia, at Washington's request, to tell Congress of the late expedition and the causes of its failure, and there he was received with distinguished consideration.

"The winter of 1780 was one of great suffering to the American troops, for the lack of food and proper shelter. Congress seems to have been shamefully neglectful of them.

"Greene did so much for his country during the Revolutionary War that to tell of it all would make my story too long for tonight; but I shall try to give you some of the most interesting items.

"Greene was president of the board convened for Andre's trial as a spy in connection with Arnold's treason. With tears Greene signed the decree of the court condemning Andre to death.

"It has been asserted, but not confirmed, that Greene cast a deciding vote in the council against granting Andre's prayer to be shot instead of hanged. The reason given was that if punished at all, Andre should receive the punishment meted to spies, according to the laws of war.

"Greene was given the post at West Point after it was left vacant by Arnold's treason. Greene assumed the command early in Octo-

ber, 1780, but the failure of Gates in the southern field caused his recall in August, and by common consent Greene was considered the best man fit to retrieve the fortunes of the southern army.

"Congress empowered Washington to ask Greene to take Gates' late command. Greene accepted the offered post and found a formidable task awaiting him. He took the command at Charlotte, 2d of December, 1780. In front of him was an army of three thousand two hundred and twenty-four men abundantly clothed and fed, well disciplined, elated with victory and led by an able general.

"To oppose this force he had an army of two thousand three hundred and seven, of whom one thousand four hundred and eighty-two were present and fit for duty, five hundred and forty-seven were absent on command, and one hundred and twenty-eight were detached on extra service; all these were half fed, scantily clothed, cast down by defeat, and many of them defiant of all disci-

pline. Also the country was infested with Tories.

"To Greene's bright mind it was evident that he could not face Cornwallis with such inferior numbers, and he resolved to divide his forces, by which means he might secure an abundance of food, keep the enemy within narrow bounds, cut them off from supplies from the upper country, revive the drooping spirits of the inhabitants, threaten the posts and communications of the enemy, and compel him to delay his threatened invasion of North Carolina.

"With the purpose of threatening the British left flank, Morgan was detached with his famous Maryland brigade, and Colonel Washington's light dragoons, to take up a position near the confluence of Pacolet and Broad Rivers.

"With the other division, Greene, after a laborious march through a barren country, took post at Hick's Creek on the Pedee, near the South Carolina line.

"Tarleton was hastening forward with his

troops, expecting to strike a decisive blow at Morgan, whom it seems he despised, probably deeming him very inferior to himself in military knowledge and skill.

"He found Morgan, Colonel Washington and their troops prepared to receive him and his. Then followed the battle of the Cowpens, of which I told you the other day.

"Cornwallis was furious over that defeat, and set out at once in pursuit of Morgan, leaving behind whatever might hinder his movements."

"But he didn't catch him," cried Ned, clapping his hands with a gleeful laugh.

"No," said the captain, "Morgan managed to keep out of his reach, crossed the river first and kept on into North Carolina.

"But to tell in detail of all Greene's doings down there in the Carolinas and Georgia would make too long a story for to-night.

"On the 9th of February, 1781, Greene, by a most brilliant march, succeeded in bringing together the two divisions of his army at

Guilford Court House. He had expected reinforcements from Virginia, but as they had not yet arrived, he decided to retreat toward them and put the broad river Dan between the enemy and himself. In that he succeeded without loss of men, baggage or stores.

"Cornwallis had been pursuing him for two hundred miles, but his troops were now weary and discouraged by their fruitless march, and he therefore prudently retired to Hillsborough.

"However, Greene soon received his reinforcements, and, crossing the Dan, came to battle with Cornwallis at Guilford Court House. That battle was a tactical success for the British, yet the Americans gained a decided strategic advantage, for the enemy—too much shattered to go on with the contest—retired to Wilmington, and from there moved into Virginia to effect a junction with General Phillips.

"Then Greene at once turned southward with his army. His reasons were given in a letter to Washington: 'I am determined to

carry the war immediately into South Carolina,' he wrote. 'The enemy will be obliged to follow us, or give up the posts in that state.' If the enemy did follow, it would take the war out of North Carolina, where the inhabitants had suffered great loss from them, and if the enemy left the posts in South Carolina to fall, he would lose far more than he could gain in Virginia.

"In the latter part of April of that year, the American army established itself in a strong position on Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, and on the 25th the British, under Lord Rawdon, attacked it there. It was exactly what Greene had been preparing for.

"The assault ought to have resulted in the total ruin of the British army; but through an accidental misunderstanding of orders, Greene's very best men in the Maryland brigade behaved badly and he was forced to abandon his position. Yet, as usual, he reaped the fruits of victory.

"He had sent Marion and Lee to take Fort Watson, and their effort had been a brilliant

success, and now obliged Rawdon to abandon Camden and fall back toward Charleston.

"Greene now had everything in his own hands, and went on taking fort after fort from the enemy, and also all the back country of South Carolina and Georgia.

"Now, Greene's army had been moving and fighting for seven months. Of course, they must have been tired; so he gave them a rest of about six weeks in a secure position on the high hills of Santee.

"After that he met the British army, now under the command of Stuart, in a decisive action at Eutaw Springs.

"In the morning the British were driven off the field by a superb charge on their left flank; but after retreating some distance in disorder, they rallied in a strong position, protected by a brick house and palisaded garden, and succeeded in remaining there during the afternoon, but only because Greene desisted from further attack until the cool of the evening. For thus holding their position merely on sufferance the British army absurd-

ly claimed a victory, and some careless American writers—who ought to know better—have repeated the error. Greene foresaw that the British must retreat at night; they did so, and he then renewed his attack. They were chased nearly thirty miles by Marion and Lee, and very many of them taken prisoners. Of the two thousand and three hundred men with whom Stuart had gone into battle, scarcely more than one thousand reached Charleston. There they remained for the next fourteen months, shut up under the shelter of their fleet."

"The battle of Eutaw Springs was a great victory for the Americans, wasn't it, father?" asked Grace.

"It was, indeed, a decisive and final one," he replied; "at least, so far as the Americans in South Carolina were concerned. Congress testified its appreciation of it by a vote of thanks and a gold medal."

"What was the date of that battle, father?" asked Lucilla.

"Battle of Eutaw Springs? Eighth of

September, 1781. On the 14th of December, 1782, Greene marched into Charleston at the head of his army, and the next summer, when the army was disbanded, he went home. On his way there he stopped in Philadelphia and was greeted there by enthusiastic crowds and treated with great consideration by Congress—the men who had come so near depriving the country of his services."

"Was the war over then, papa?" asked Elsie.

"England had not yet acknowledged our independence," replied her father, "but did so on November 30, 1782, when preliminaries of peace were signed; those were changed into a definite peace on September 3, 1783."

"But is that all the story about General Greene, papa?" asked Ned.

"Not quite," replied his father. "Some two years after the war was over he removed to a plantation which the State of Georgia had presented to him, doubtless in acknowl-

edgment of his great services there in ridding them of British tyranny. He is said to have lived there very happily, with a good wife and many congenial friends, in spite of having, through the dishonesty of an army contractor for whom he had become security, to bear a heavy pecuniary responsibility. He did not live to be old, dying at the age of forty-four from sunstroke."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Elsie. "Had he any children, papa?"

"Yes; two sons and three daughters."

"I think they must have been very proud of their father," she said, after a moment's thoughtful silence. "Thank you, papa, for telling us about him. I'd like to know about all my countrymen who have been great and good and useful."

"As we all would," added Lucilla; "and we may be thankful that we have a father who is able and kind enough to tell us so much."

"Yes, indeed!" responded Elsie earnestly, and with a loving look up into her father's eyes. "I thank him very much, and hope

I shall never forget the good history lessons he has given us."

"And now it is time for my birdlings to go to their nests," said Violet, rising and taking Ned's hand. "Bid good-night to papa and the rest and we will go."

CHAPTER XIII

"Would you enjoy a little stroll about the grounds before seeking your nest for the night, dearest?" asked Harold of Grace, speaking so softly that the words reached no ear but hers.

"I think I should—with pleasant company," she added, a twinkle of fun in her eyes as she lifted them to his, so full of love and admiration.

"He who gives the invitation will do his best to be that," he returned, offering his arm as they both rose to their feet.

A few minutes later they were seated in the arbor on the edge of the cliff overlooking the river—the very place where he had first told the story of his love and she had acknowledged its return. Both remembered that now, and the pleasant story was told again.

A little silence followed, broken presently by Grace.

"What a lovely scene this is! What a grand old river! I am always sorry to leave it, though glad, too, to go home to our own place in the sunny south."

"Yes; a winter here would be too cold for my frail patient," said Harold, pressing affectionately the small white hand he held in his. "For which reason, as well as others, I am glad we have homes in the sunny south. I only wish that you and I might at once make another for ourselves."

"But father won't allow that for several years to come; and as he lets us be together as much as we will, don't you think we ought to try to be content to do as he says about—about the time for marrying?"

"Yes, dearest; and I really do try to be content."

"Yonder lies our yacht. She looks lovely in the moonlight. I am so glad that we can go home in her instead of by the public conveyances. It is such a restful mode of

travel, and we can all feel so much at our ease."

"Yes, I highly approve of it, especially for any patient of mine. I hope we are going to have a speedy and pleasant little voyage. But now, dearest, your doctor thinks it would be well for you to go and begin your night's rest, as a suitable preparation for it."

"Yes," she said, rising and taking his arm again, "and it is not hard to say good-night, since we are to be together again in the morning."

They found the porch deserted except by the captain and Lucilla, who were taking their usual evening promenade.

"Good-night, father," said Grace in a lively tone as she approached him. "My doctor orders me off to bed, that I may gain strength for to-morrow's arduous journey."

"Ah!" he returned, drawing her to him and giving her a fatherly embrace. "I highly approve of that prescription, and hope you

may awake in the morning stronger and better in health than ever before."

"Thank you, father dear; and I hope it won't be very long before you send Lu to join me," said Grace, turning a smiling face toward her sister.

"Oh, I dare say I'll be up there before you get your eyes shut for the night," laughed Lucilla. "As we don't any more sleep in adjoining rooms when at home, I value the privilege of being near you at night while here."

"And it is well for you to be together, so that if one is sick the other can call the doctor," remarked Harold, regarding the two with a pleased and amused smile.

The next morning found all ready and anxious to start upon their short voyage. The yacht was in excellent condition, their trunks were all packed, the cottage in condition to be left in charge of the usual caretaker; so at a reasonably early hour they were all aboard.

It was a lovely day, warm enough for most of them to be very comfortable on deck while the sun was shining. The older people sat together chatting in a lively way while the children roamed the deck.

At length Elsie Raymond came and sat down beside her father.

"Tired, daughter?" he asked kindly.

"Not so very much, papa, but I think I'd like to hear a naval story—it seems as if it would be suitable while we are here on a vessel, and I feel sure you must know a good many of them."

He laughed a little at that. "Perhaps I do," he said, "and I suppose it is natural for a naval officer's daughter to crave naval stories. Shall I tell you of the fight between the Wasp and Frolic—a fight that took place during our last war with England?

"Oh, yes, papa," she answered eagerly, at the same time beckoning to the other children to come. They understood, hastened to gather about the captain, and he began at once.

"Near the middle of October, 1812—you know we were then at war with England—the American gun sloop Wasp, with Jacob Jones for captain, and a crew of one hundred and thirty-seven men, left the Delaware and sailed southeast to get into the tracks of the West India traders. On the next day she met a heavy gale, in which she lost her jib-boom and two men who were on it. By the seventeenth the weather had moderated somewhat and she discovered several sail, which were part of a fleet of armed merchantmen from Honduras, bound for England, under convoy of the British eighteen-gun brig-sloop of war Frolic, of nineteen guns and one hundred and ten men, and commanded by Captain Whinyates.

"Those vessels had been dispersed by the gale the Wasp had passed through. The Frolic had spent the day in repairing damages, and by dark six of her convoy had rejoined her. Four of them mounted from sixteen to eighteen guns each.

"As Jones drew near he perceived that the

British vessel was disposed to fight, and was preparing to allow the merchantmen to escape during the engagement. He at once put the Wasp under short fighting canvas, and bore down toward the Frolic, which had lost her main-yard in the gale; she now lashed her damaged yard on deck, carried very little sail, and hoisted Spanish colors to decoy the stranger and permit her convoy to escape.

"By half-past eleven the ships were not more than sixty yards apart and began firing—the Wasp her port, and the Frolic her starboard battery. The sea was rolling heavily under a stiff breeze. The Frolic fired very rapidly, delivering three broadsides to the Wasp's two, both crews cheering loudly; as the ships wallowed through the water abreast of each other the Americans fired as the engaged side of their ship was going down, aiming at the Frolic's hull, while the English fired while on the crest of the sea, their shot going high. The water flew in clouds of spray over both vessels, they rolling so that the muzzles of the guns went under."

"Then they couldn't fire, could they, uncle?" asked Eric.

"Yes," replied Captain Raymond; "in spite of that the firing was spirited and well directed. In five minutes the Wasp's main-top mast was shot away. It fell with the main-top-sail, and lodged so as to make the head-yards unmanageable during the rest of the battle. A very few minutes later her gaff and main-topgallant-mast were shot away, and very soon her condition seemed helpless.

"But the Frolic had been still more seriously injured in her hull and lower masts. She had fired from the crest of the wave, the Wasp from the trough of the sea, sending her shot through the hull of the Frolic with destructive effect. There was a great slaughter among her crew, but the survivors kept on with dogged courage.

"At first the two vessels ran side by side, but the Wasp gradually forged ahead, throwing in her fire from a position in which she herself received little injury.

"At length the bowsprit of the Frolic passed in over the quarter-deck of the Wasp, forcing her bows up in the wind. This enabled the Wasp to throw in a close, raking broadside with most destructive effect.

"They were so close together that the Americans struck the Frolic's side with their rammers in loading, and they began to rake the British vessel with dreadful effect.

"When the vessels ran foul of each other the crew of the Wasp were greatly excited and could no longer be restrained. With wild shouts they leaped into the tangled rigging and made their way to the deck of the Frolic, carrying dismay to the hearts of its surviving crew. All of those who were able had rushed below to escape the raking fire of the Wasp, excepting an old sailor who had kept his place at the wheel during the terrible fight. A few surviving officers were standing on the quarter-deck of the Frolic, most of them wounded. They threw down their swords in token of surrender, when Lieutenant Biddle, who led the boarding party,

pulled down the British flag with his own hands.

"A great part of the Frolic's men were killed or wounded; not twenty persons on board had escaped unharmed. It was at a quarter past twelve that Lieutenant Biddle hauled down the Frolic's flag—just forty-three minutes after the fight began. Her total loss of men was over ninety, about thirty of whom were killed outright or died of wounds."

"Were there as many killed and wounded on our vessel, the Wasp?" asked Edward Leland.

"No," replied the captain; "five of her men were killed, two in her mizzen-top and one in her main-top-mast rigging, and five were wounded, chiefly aloft. She, the Frolic, had been desperately defended; no men could have fought more bravely than Captain Whinyates and his crew. On the other hand, the Americans had done their work with coolness; the accuracy with which they fired was remarkable, and, as the contest

had been mainly one of gunnery, they won the victory. When the two vessels separated both masts of the Frolic fell, and tattered sails and broken rigging covered the dead, with which her decks were strewn.

"Lieutenant Biddle was given charge of the prize, and the vessels were about parting company when the British ship of war Poictiers, seventy-four guns, Captain Beresford, appeared on the scene. Two hours after Jones had won his victory his crippled vessel and more crippled prize were recaptured by the Poictiers."

"And all these brave men were made prisoners, weren't they, papa?" sighed Elsie.

"Yes; but they were soon exchanged, and Congress voted them prize money for their capture, and promoted Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle. The press lauded Jones. Delaware, his native State, voted him thanks, a sword and a piece of silver plate. The Corporation of New York City voted him a sword and the freedom of the city. Con-

gress gave him the thanks of the nation and a gold medal, and appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars to Jones and his companions as a compensation for the loss of their prize by recapture."

"I'm glad of that," said Elsie, with a sigh of satisfaction, "for I'm sure they deserved it."

"There were some stirring songs made to commemorate the Wasp's battle with the Frolic, were there not?" asked Grandma Elsie, sitting near.

"Yes, mother," replied the captain; "they were sung everywhere, and by boys in the street. I think I can recall a stanza of one given by Lossing in his 'Story of the United States Navy':

"'The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and affrighted;
But the Wasp darted forward her death-doing sting,
And full on his bosom, like lightning, alighted.
She pierced through his entrails, she maddened his brain,

> And he writhed and he groaned as if torn with the colic;
> And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day
> He met the American Wasp on a Frolic.'

"Caricature and satire were pressed into the service of history. A caricature entitled 'A Wasp on a Frolic; or, A Sting for John Bull,' was sent out by a Philadelphia publisher."

"Papa, didn't Lieutenant Biddle get any presents for his brave deeds on the Wasp against the Frolic?" asked Elsie.

"Yes," returned the captain; "he shared in the honors of the victory. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him a sword, and leading citizens of Philadelphia presented him with a silver urn appropriately ornamented and inscribed."

The captain paused—there was a moment's silence.

"That was a very nice story, papa; thank you for telling it," said Elsie.

"Yes, we are all obliged for it, uncle," said Eric.

"And perhaps would like another one?" returned the captain inquiringly, and glancing around upon them with his pleasant smile.

He was answered with a chorus of expressions of the great pleasure they would all take in listening to another story of naval doings. So he began.

"Just a week after the Wasp had won her victory a still more important one was gained. In the middle of October, 1812, Commodore Rodgers sailed from Boston on a second cruise. His flagship was the President, forty-four guns, accompanied by the United States, forty-four, Captain Stephen Decatur, and Argus, sixteen, Lieutenant-commanding St. Clair. These vessels soon separated, the United States sailing southward and eastward, hoping to intercept British West Indiamen.

"At dawn on Sunday morning (October 23), near the Island of Madeira, the watch at the main-top discovered a sail. There was a stiff breeze and heavy sea at the time. The vessel was an English man-of-war under a

heavy press of sail, and Decatur resolved to overtake and fight her.

"His vessel was a good sailer, and gained rapidly on the one she was pursuing. Her officers and men were full of enthusiasm, and as their ship drew near the British vessel they sent up shouts from their deck that were heard on board the vessel they were pursuing; that was before they were near enough to bring guns to bear upon each other.

"At about nine o'clock that morning Decatur opened a broadside upon the British ship, but his balls fell short. However, he was soon so near that a second broadside from the United States took effect. The two vessels were on the same track, and now fought desperately with long guns, the distance being so great that carronades and muskets were of no avail.

"The shot of the United States told fearfully on her antagonist, and she presently perceived that the only way to save herself from utter destruction was to come to close quarters with her foe. So when the

contest had lasted half an hour, riddled and torn in hull and rigging, she bore up gallantly for close action.

"Very soon her mizzen-mast was cut by the shot of the United States and fell overboard. Then shortly after, her main-yard was seen hanging in two pieces; her main and foretopmasts were gone; her foremast was tottering, and no colors were seen flying. Her mainmast and bowsprit were also badly shattered.

"The United States was yet unhurt. Decatur tacked and came up under the lee of the English ship. The commander of that vessel was astounded by the movement, for when the American vessel bore away he supposed she was seriously injured and about to fly. The blaze of her cannon had been so incessant that, seen through the smoke, the English captain thought she was on fire. It seems his crew thought so also, for they gave three cheers; but when the United States tacked and came up in a position to do more serious damage the British commander saw

that further resistance was vain, struck his colors and surrendered.

"As the United States crossed the stern of her vanquished foe, Decatur called through his trumpet, 'What is the name of your ship?' 'His Majesty's frigate Macedonian,' replied J. S. Carden, her captain."

"Was she a nice ship, papa?" asked Ned.

"She was before the battle, a new ship and a very fine one of her class. She was rated at thirty-six guns, but carried forty-nine. But in this fight she was terribly bruised and cut up; most of her rigging was gone, all her boats were shattered into uselessness. She had received no less than one hundred round shot in her hull, many of them between wind and water. Of her officers and crew, three hundred in number, many were killed and wounded."

"What did Decatur do with her, papa?" asked Elsie.

"He gave up his cruise and returned to New England with his prize. He went into the harbor of New London, and Lieutenant

Allen took the Macedonian into Newport harbor about the same time. Soon afterward both vessels sailed for the harbor of New York, where the Macedonian was first anchored on New Year's Day, 1813. One of that city's newspapers said of her, 'She comes with the compliments of the season from old Neptune.'

"A splendid banquet had just been given in that city to Hull, Decatur and Jones, and all over the Union people were sounding their praises."

"And what did the English think about it all?" asked Eric.

"They were filled with disappointment and unpleasant forebodings," replied Captain Raymond, "while all over the United States the people were filled with exultation and hope."

"Didn't the Legislatures and Congress make those brave and successful commanders some gifts to testify to the gratitude of the people—their countrymen?" asked Lucilla.

"Yes," replied her father. "Legislatures

and other bodies gave Decatur thanks and swords; the Corporation of New York gave him the freedom of the city, and asked for his portrait for the picture-gallery in the City Hall, where it still hangs; and Congress thanked him and gave him a gold medal."

"I'd like to see that," said Elsie. "I wonder if the family have it yet."

"Very likely," said Grandma Elsie. "Such a thing would be apt to be highly prized and kept to go down from generation to generation."

"Ah! whom have we here?" exclaimed the captain, rising to his feet as at that moment Max drew near with Eva on his arm. "Eva, daughter, I am truly glad that you feel able to join us."

"And I am very glad to be able, and permitted by the doctor to do so, father," she returned, accepting the seat which he offered.

"Yes, it is high time you were allowed a little liberty," he said, as he and Max seated themselves with her between them. "Ah!

here comes my granddaughter," as the nurse approached with the babe in her arms.

"Lay her on my lap, please, nurse," said Eva. "I am quite able to hold her."

"And if you find her in the least burdensome, pass her over to her father," said Max.

The children gathered round, Ned saying:

"Now, Brother Max, make her talk."

"I don't want to. I'm too young," came apparently from the baby lips, and all the children laughed.

"It's rude for big folks like you to laugh at a little one like me," she seemed to say in a hurt tone.

"No, it isn't; but I don't mean to do it again, though I am your aunt," laughed Elsie.

"Are you? Then you ought to be very good to me," the baby voice seemed to say.

"Yes, and I intend to be," returned Elsie. "I love you because you are a dear little soul, and my little niece—your father and mother being my brother and sister."

"Elsie isn't your only relation here,

though," said Alie; "there are a good many of us. I'm one of your cousins."

"And I'm another," said Eric, "and big Brother Edward is another, and so is little Sister Vi. You have a good many relations; plenty of them—such as they are."

"I hope to get acquainted with them all after awhile," returned the baby voice, "but I'm tired talking."

"Dear me! she gets tired sooner than some other folks," laughed Edward, turning away. "I guess she'll not grow up into a gossip about other folks' matters."

"I hope not," said Eva; "but I see she is going to sleep now, so no wonder she's tired of talking."

CHAPTER XIV.

A VERY good dinner was served on board the Dolphin that day, and on leaving the table most of her passengers sought the deck again, for it was a lovely evening, warm and clear.

The captain and Violet were sitting side by side on a settee, when Elsie came to them with a wistful, inquiring look on her face that made her father think she wanted something.

"What is it, my little daughter?" he asked, drawing her to a seat upon his knee.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble for you to tell me about the War of 1812, papa, I should be glad to learn more about it," she said.

"It will be no trouble for me to give my dear little girl as much information as she may crave about it," he answered, patting her

cheek affectionately. "But if you think the other children will care to hear what I tell you, you may call them here before I begin."

"Oh, yes, papa, I will," she answered joyously, and hastened away in search of them.

Her summons was obeyed by one and all, as if in expectation of a great treat. They gathered about the captain and he began.

"We are now at peace with England; the two nations good friends, as I hope and trust they may be always. But between the wars of the Revolution and of 1812 this country was badly treated by that in more ways than one. To tell you all about it would make much too long a story for to-night. Lossing says of England in 1810 that she had seized and confiscated the commercial property of American citizens to an incalculable amount. She had contemptuously disregarded the neutrality of the American territory, and the jurisdiction of the American laws within the waters and harbors of the United States. She had at that time impressed from the crews of American merchant vessels peace-

ably navigating the high seas not less than six thousand mariners who claimed to be citizens of the United States, and who were denied all opportunity to verify their claims. I think it was in February, 1811, that a richly laden American vessel bound for France was captured by a British cruiser within thirty miles of New York City; and early in May a British frigate stopped an American brig only eighteen miles from New York and a young man, known to be a native of Maine, was taken from her and impressed into the British service. Other such instances had occurred, and often the men thus shamefully robbed of their freedom were most cruelly treated."

"How, papa?" asked Ned. "What did they do to them?"

"For refusing to work for their captors, especially after hearing of the declaration of war in 1812; some American sailors were most cruelly used; three who had been impressed on board the British vessel Peacock refused to fight against their country and de-

manded to be treated as prisoners of war. They were ordered to the quarter-deck, put in irons for twenty-four hours, then taken to the gangway, stripped naked, tied and whipped, each one dozen and a half, and put to duty.

"When the Peacock went into action with the Hornet, they asked the captain to be sent below, that they might not fight against their countrymen. The captain called a midshipman and told him to do his duty, which was to hold a pistol to the head of Thompson and threaten to blow his brains out if he and his companions did not do service."

"How glad they must have been when the Hornet took the Peacock!" exclaimed Eric.

"Yes, indeed! For they had certainly been very cruelly used by those who had stolen them from American vessels," said the captain. "And there were others who received still more cruel treatment from them, the robbers of the American seamen. It was no wonder that America was roused to attempt

a second war with Great Britain in order to stop these dreadful outrages upon her people."

"The navy did a great deal in that war, didn't it, uncle?" asked Edward.

"Yes," replied the captain; "they were more successful than the land forces."

"Oh, please tell us some of their doings!" cried several children's voices.

The captain mused a moment, then began.

"I will tell you some of the doings of Commodore Rodgers in his favorite frigate, the President. After some unsuccessful efforts to intercept vessels trading between the West Indies and Halifax, St. Johns and Quebec, but finding none, he determined to try his fortune in the North Sea in search of British merchantmen. But he did not meet with a single vessel until he made the Shetland Islands, and there he found only Danish ships trading to England. His supplies began to fail and he went to North Bergen, in Norway, to replenish his stock. There he was disappointed, too, for there was a great

scarcity of food all over the country and he could procure nothing but water.

"It seems he knew that a fleet of merchantmen were to sail from Archangel in the middle of July. But just as he expected to make some prizes from among them, he fell in with two British ships of war. Knowing that he was not strong enough to battle with both at once, Rodgers with his vessel fled, hotly pursued by the enemy. (At that season in that northern region the sun is several degrees above the horizon at midnight.) That enabled the vessels to keep up the chase more than eighty hours, during which time they were much nearer the President than was at all agreeable to her officers and men."

"Oh, I hope they didn't catch her!" exclaimed Elsie.

"No," said her father, "she escaped from them. Her stock of provisions had been replenished from two vessels that had been taken before the war vessels had appeared, and now she turned westward to intercept

vessels coming out of and going into the Irish Channel.

"In the next six or seven days he (Rodgers) captured three vessels; then he thought it best to change his course, as the enemy was in that vicinity with a superior force. He made a complete circuit of Ireland, then steered for the banks of Newfoundland, near which he made two more captures. From these he learned that two British vessels, the Bellerophon and Hyperion frigate, were only a few miles from him. However, he did not fall in with them, and soon stood for the coast of the United States.

"Toward evening on the 23d of September the President fell in with the British armed schooner Highflyer, tender to Admiral Warren's flagship St. Domingo; she was commanded by Lieutenant Hutchinson; was a fine vessel of her class—a fast sailer. When discovered she was six or seven miles distant, but by a stratagem Commodore Rodgers decoyed her alongside and captured her with-

out firing a gun. She did not even discover that the President was her enemy until the stratagem had succeeded.

"Before starting upon this cruise Rodgers had placed in his possession some of the British signals. He had had some made on board his ship, and now he resolved to try their efficacy. He hoisted an English ensign over the President. The Highflyer answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal from a mast-head.

"To Rodgers's delight, he discovered that he possessed its complement. He then signalled that his vessel was the Sea Horse, one of the largest of its class known to be then on the American coast. The Highflyer at once bore down, hove to under the stern of the President and received one of Rodgers's lieutenants on board, who was dressed in British uniform. He bore an order from Rodgers for the commander of the Highflyer to send his signal books on board to be altered, as some of the Yankees, it was alleged, had obtained possession of some of them.

"The unsuspecting lieutenant obeyed, and Rodgers was put in possession of the key to the whole correspondence of the British navy.

"Pretty soon the commander of the Highflyer followed his signal books. He was pleased with everything he saw on board what he believed was the English vessel Sea Horse, and admired even the scarlet uniform of Rodgers's marines, whom he took for British soldiers. Invited into the cabin, he placed in the commodore's hands a bundle of dispatches for Admiral Warren, and informed his supposed friend that the main object of the British commander on the American station at that time was the capture or destruction of the President, which had been greatly annoying and destroying British commerce and spreading alarm throughout British waters.

"The commodore asked what kind of a man Rodgers was. 'An odd fish and hard to catch,' replied the lieutenant.

" 'Sir,' said Rodgers most emphatically, 'do you know what vessel you are on board of?'

"'Why, yes,' he replied; 'on board His Majesty's ship Sea Horse.'

"'Then, sir, you labor under a mistake,' said Rodgers. 'You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service.'"

"Oh, how frightened that British man must have been!" exclaimed Elsie. "Wasn't he, papa?"

"I suppose that at first he thought all the commodore had been saying was merely a joke," replied her father. "He seemed astounded, and it was difficult to make him believe that he was really on an American vessel. But the band on the President's quarterdeck was playing 'Yankee Doodle,' and over it the American ensign was displayed, while the uniforms of the marines were suddenly changed from red to blue.

"It would seem that Hutchinson might well feel alarmed at finding himself in the hands of Rodgers, for he had been one of Cockburn's subalterns when that marauder plundered and burned Havre de Grace a few

months before; and it is said that Lieutenant Hutchinson had now in his possession a sword which he carried away from Commodore Rodgers's house on that occasion.

"He had been warned by Captain Oliver, when receiving instructions as commander of the Highflyer, to take care not to be outwitted by the Yankees. 'Especially be careful,' said Oliver, 'not to fall into the hands of Commodore Rodgers, for if he comes across you he will hoist you upon his jib-boom and carry you into Boston.' "

"And did he do it, now he'd got him?" asked Ned.

"No," said Captain Raymond. "Well was it for him that the enemy into whose hands he had fallen was an American. Rodgers treated him with courtesy such as is due to a prisoner of war, and soon allowed him to go at large on parole."

"And did Commodore Rodgers get back to his own country, papa?" asked Elsie.

"Yes; three days after the capture of the Highflyer he sailed into Newport harbor,

having his prize with him, her commander and fifty-five other prisoners. He said his cruise had not added much lustre to the American navy, but he had rendered his country signal service by harassing the enemy's commerce, and keeping more than twenty vessels in search of him for several weeks. He had captured eleven merchant vessels and two hundred and seventy-one prisoners."

"What could he do with so many prisoners, uncle?" asked Eric. "I should hardly think he'd have room for them in his ship."

"All but those he carried into Newport had been paroled and sent home in the captured vessels," replied the captain.

"Did he go out catching British ships again, uncle?" asked Edward.

"Yes; on the 5th of December, 1813, he sailed from Newport on another cruise in the President. He expected to fall in with the British squadron, but with a stiff breeze from the north-northwest he got well to sea without falling in with them. The next day he captured the Cornet, which British cruisers

had taken from the Americans; then he sailed southward. In the vicinity of the Barbadoes he took, one after another, three British merchantmen. He ran down into the Caribbean Sea and cruised there unsuccessfully for awhile, but finally captured and sunk a British merchantman, then sailed for the coast of Florida.

"Going northward, he was off Charleston Bar on the 11th of February. He did not enter it, however, but continued on up the coast, chasing and being chased, dashing through a vigilant British blockading squadron off Sandy Hook, and sailed into New York harbor on the evening of the eighteenth."

"Then New York did him honor, didn't she, father?" said Grace, sitting near, listening to his story.

"Yes," replied the captain; "many of the citizens did so, and a dinner was given in compliment to him at Tammany Hall. At that dinner, where most of the notables of the city were present, Rodgers gave this

toast: 'Peace, if it can be obtained without the sacrifice of national honor or the abandonment of maritime rights; otherwise, war until peace shall be secured without the sacrifice of either.' "

"A good toast. I like the sentiment expressed," said Grace. "I think I have read that a good many gentlemen were present there at the dinner."

"Yes, more than three hundred; many of them shipmasters," said the captain. "A toast was given to the commodore, followed by eighteen cheers, and a song that some one had written in his honor that morning was sung."

"Papa," said Elsie, "was it right for him to put the name of a British vessel on his, and British uniform on his marines, to deceive the British on the Highflyer so that they would come to him and be taken prisoners?"

"No, daughter, I do not think it was," replied the captain, though, no doubt, the motive of all of them was good—to defend their

country and countrymen from robbery and oppression. But it is never right to do evil that good may come. My good mother's teaching was, 'You should die rather than tell a lie, though it were no more than to deny that two and two make four.' But, no doubt, Rodgers thought his manœuvres all right and fair; and they certainly inflicted no wrong upon the enemy."

"Is that all the story about him, papa?" asked Ned.

"Just about," replied his father. "His good ship, the President, now needed a thorough overhauling, and the Secretary of the Navy offered Commodore Rodgers the command of the Guerriere, the ship which Hull took from Dacres, and which might be made ready for sea much sooner than the President. The commodore went to Philadelphia, where the Guerriere was being put in order, and, finding that she was not so nearly ready as he had supposed, he informed the Secretary that he preferred to retain command of the President. But in the mean-

time the President had been offered to Decatur. Rodgers courteously allowed that commander to take his choice of vessels, and he chose the President. Now, my dears, I think we may consider our naval studies ended for to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

The homeward trip of the Dolphin was a speedy and successful one. Her passengers, healthy and happy, enjoyed it greatly, yet were rejoiced when she cast anchor, one lovely morning, in the harbor near their homes, where they were wont to leave her, to travel the few remaining miles on land.

They had been expected at about that time, and Edward and Zoe Travilla were there to meet them. Grandma Elsie was the first to step on shore, and Edward caught her in his arms with a glad exclamation:

"Oh, mother, I am so rejoiced to have you at home again! We can't do without you. We have missed you every day and every hour."

"And I am very, very glad to be here with you all again," she returned; "you among them, Zoe. Ah, Herbert, my son," as at that

moment he and Dr. Conly appeared on the scene, "your mother is rejoiced to see you also, looking so bright and well. You, too, Cousin Arthur," giving a hand to him. "Are all the dear ones well?"

"Yes. And, oh! but we are glad to have you home again," both physicians answered, then turned to welcome the others, who were stepping ashore.

It was a most affectionate greeting all round, even the little newcomer sharing in it. Then Edward said:

"Now, friends and cousins, we want you all at Ion for the rest of the day. A big enough dinner has been prepared, and every one of you will be as welcome as possible."

"That is certainly very kind and hospitable in you, Brother Ned," said Mrs. Leland, "but I really think we would better take ourselves and our luggage to our own homes first and visit you later on, a few at a time."

"No, Elsie, dear," he returned, "we have made the plans and preparations, and shall feel greatly disappointed if not permitted to

carry out our scheme. Come one, come all, and let us have a jolly time together."

Just then Chester Dinsmore came hurrying toward them, having just learned in his office of the arrival of the vessel. A joyous, affectionate greeting exchanged between him and Lucilla, his wife, he turned to the other returned travellers. Then Edward renewed his invitation, adding:

"I have been out to each one of your homes and seen that they are all in prime order for you, but told the caretakers that you were to dine with us at Ion first; therefore, they need not expect you until evening, or somewhere near it."

"You are very kind, indeed, Brother Ned," said Captain Raymond, "and if my wife and the others are willing to accept your advice—your most hospitable invitation—I shall be happy to do so."

"I should like to," said Violet; "but what about the baggage, *et cetera?*"

"Those things can all be sent out immediately to our homes and safely entrusted to

the caretakers Brother Ned just spoke of," said the captain.

All now accepted Edward's invitation, entered the waiting carriages and were driven at once along the good and pleasant road to Ion. There they found a gathering of all the relatives in that region—Dr. Conly's family, Calhoun's also, Rose Croly, with her husband and children, the Dinsmores from the Oaks, the Laceys from the Laurels, Cousin Ronald and his Annis, Hugh and his wife and children. It was now nearly a year since Captain Raymond and his party had sailed away in the Dolphin, and the reunion of so many friends and relatives gave much undisguised pleasure.

It was a large company, but with nothing stiff or formal about it; there were many loving embraces and much cheerful, happy, familiar chat, and soon they gathered about the hospitable board to regale themselves with dainty and delicious fare, the meal enlivened by an interchange, suited to the occasion, of thoughts, feelings and experiences. There

was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, accompanied by no gluttony or gormandizing.

Conversation and many courses kept them long at the table. But at length they left it and gathered in the parlors. They had not been there long when Laurie and Lily came in, bringing the tee-tees—the little monkeys belonging to Elsie and Ned Raymond. They were delighted to see their pets and thought the pleasure was mutual, though the older people had doubts concerning the evidences of pleasure given by the monkeys.

The nurse had had the care of Evelyn's baby while the dinner was in progress, but now she brought it in and laid it in the mother's lap while she should go and take her meal. Several of the cousins gathered about to look at the little one, and spoke admiringly of her appearance.

"She is a little beauty," said more than one.

Then a weak little voice seemed to come from her lips:

"Don't make me vain."

"Oh, no, darling. You are too young for that," laughed Grandma Elsie, "as well as too young to talk so wisely and well."

"Yes, ma'am; but my papa helps me," murmured the weak little voice, and everybody looked at Max and laughed.

"What a nice little truth-speaker you are, little niece," said Lucilla, leaning over the babe and softly touching its cheek.

"I want to be that always, auntie," replied the same little voice which had spoken before.

"Oh, what a good little thing you are," laughed Ned. "I'm glad to be your uncle."

"Tell him he's too young and small to be of much use as an uncle," said a voice that seemed to come from some one behind the group about the baby.

Instantly every head was turned to see who the speaker was. But he seemed to be invisible.

"Why, who said that?" exclaimed Ned.

"Oh, I know. It was you, Cousin Ronald."

"Some people are wonderfully wise," said

Mr. Lilburn. "But really, now, did that sound like my voice?"

"Like one of them, I think," laughed Ned. "You seem to have a good many; even more than Brother Max has."

Ned had his tee-tee on his shoulder, and it seemed now to put in its word:

"Is that the way to talk to your old, old cousin?"

"Is that the way you talk to me, you saucy fellow?" laughed Ned, giving the tee-tee a little shake.

"There!" exclaimed Lily Travilla. "That's the first time he's spoken since we brought him away from Louisiana in the Dolphin."

"I can't talk when there's nobody by to help me," was the tee-tee's next remark.

"And Cousin Ronald is helping you now, isn't he?" asked Ned.

"Yes; and he's good help."

Elsie had Tiny on her shoulder, and she put in her word now:

"I think it's my turn to talk a little. I'm

glad my little mistress has come home, though I've had a good time on the yacht and here with these good folks."

"I'm glad you have had a good time," laughed Elsie, "and I promise you shall have a fine time at Woodburn, my home, where I'll take you presently."

"Will you let me run about on the porches and the grass and climb the trees?"

"Yes, indeed, as much as you like, if you won't run away from your home," answered Elsie, hugging and stroking her pet.

"Now, if aunts, uncles and cousins will step aside for a moment, her grandfather would like to take a peep at baby," said Captain Raymond, coming up behind the group of children.

They all hastily stepped aside and he leaned over the babe and chirruped to it. It looked up into his face and laughed, as if it knew and cared for him.

"Ah, you really seem to know and approve of your grandpa," he said laughingly. "Eve-

lyn, my dear, she's a darling, a pretty little pet."

"So Max and I think, father," returned the happy young mother.

"And so, I think I may say, do we all," said old Mr. Dinsmore. "I should not at all object to counting her among my great-great-grandchildren."

"Nor would we to having you do so, sir," said Max, coloring and smiling with pleasure, for he was very proud of his little daughter and glad to have her admired by others.

"I am proud and fond of the little dear, call myself her uncle now, and hope to be really such one of these days," laughed Harold.

"We all hope so," said Max, "and have no objection to your claiming that relationship at once."

There had been some alterations and improvements made in house and grounds since the Dolphin and her passengers started on that winter trip, and presently most of the

company went about viewing them, and that with entire satisfaction and approval.

But the sun was now nearing the horizon, and the Woodburn and Sunnyside folk were growing eager to see and rest in their own loved and comfortable homes. The carriages were brought up, the adieus said, and they went on their way rejoicing. Each family went to its own dwelling at first, but they would not be long apart; that evening would see them all gathered, first at one residence, then at the other, and there would never be a day that would not be spent more or less in each other's society. This would be true of all excepting Max, who must soon return to his ship. The thought of that was all that marred the happiness of that evening, with its joyful return to their own loved homes. But Evelyn and all of them tried to put away remembrance of it for the present.

CHAPTER XVI

"HOME, sweet home!" exclaimed Lucilla as their carriage turned into the driveway on that first evening after the Dolphin had come into port. "Home, sweet home! There's no place like home."

"Except Woodburn, our dear old home," returned Max in jesting tone.

"No; Woodburn and Sunnyside—so near together, and their inhabitants so nearly related—seem to make but one home to me."

"And to us all, I think," said Evelyn.

"And you are right, I am sure," said Chester, as the carriage drew up before the entrance. "Ah, here we are at the very threshold of our Sunnyside! Wife, brother and sister, a glad welcome home to you all." With the last word he threw open the carriage door, sprang out upon the veranda steps,

turned and helped Lucilla to alight. Max, his wife and baby followed.

A joyous welcome was given them all by the waiting servants, and they passed in, each couple to their own part of the commodious and beautiful dwelling.

"Welcome home, my darling," said Max to his wife. "Welcome home, baby dear, papa's sweet little pet," taking the infant in his arms as he spoke. "Oh, Eva, my love, how rich we are, with her added to all our other lesser blessings!"

"Indeed, we are! She is a great blessing," said Eva, caressing the child as he held it in his arms. "To me she seems more than all others taken together—except her father," she added, smiling up into his face.

"And to me she is the next one to her mother," responded Max, bestowing a very loverlike caress upon his wife as she stood close at his side. "How good my father has been to provide us with this lovely home, so near to his that we seem to belong to his family still."

"Yes," she said with emotion. "And what a dear father he is! I am so glad and thankful that he seems to look upon me as his very own daughter. I had been so hungry for a father after my own was taken to the better land."

"Yes, dearest, I think I can understand that hunger, though I have been spared the sad experience," replied Max, his tone speaking even more sympathy than his words.

"And, oh," he added, "I want my little wife to be the most blessed, happy woman in the world."

"I ought to be; and I think I am when my husband is with me," she returned with a smile of love and joy. "What is it, Kitty?" as a servant came in, looking as if she had some pleasant news to impart.

"Why, missus, dere's sumfin' jus' come over from Woodburn. De cap'n he sends it for de baby," replied the woman, grinning broadly as she spoke.

"Ah, is that so?" asked Max. "Where and what is it?"

"Sumfin' for de baby to ride in, sah, an' it's out on de poach," she answered, hurriedly leading the way, Eva and Max following, he with the baby still in his arms.

They presently found on the front veranda as handsome a baby carriage as either of them had ever seen, and were both delighted with it. It was ready furnished with pillows, and a beautiful afghan of a most delicate shade of baby-blue silk lined with white silk, covered with white duchess lace, with blue ribbon bows on each corner, to match the umbrella, it being of the same shade, and also covered with duchess lace. On a corner of the afghan was pinned a bit of paper bearing the words: "From Grandmamma Vi to little Mary Raymond." On the under side of the afghan were the initials "M. R." in blue embroidery silk.

Max laid the baby in, Evelyn covered her carefully with the afghan, and for some minutes Max drew her back and forth on the veranda, she cooing as if enjoing the ride.

Chester and Lucilla had quite a good deal

to tell each other of their experiences during the past weeks of separation, and were chatting and laughing merrily in her pretty boudoir, when some slight sounds made by the baby and its parents and carriage excited their curiosity and brought them hurrying downstairs to learn what was going on there.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Lucilla, as she caught sight of the little vehicle. "How fine for our darling baby! Where did it come from?"

"It is father's gift," answered Max; "the dear, kind father who always thinks of everything he can possibly do to add to the happiness of his children."

"He does, indeed!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Nobody could have a better, kinder father."

"We are all going over to Woodburn this evening," said Max, "and we will take baby in her carriage."

"She, as queen of the party, will ride, and the rest of us will walk," laughed Lucilla. "Oh, you little darling, auntie hopes

you will always be able to ride when you want to."

"Doubtless she will if it is best for her," said Max. "It looks now as if she were born for easy times, but no one can tell what may be in store for either us or her in the future."

"Father would say, 'Don't allow yourself to be troubled with anxiety in regard to the future; remember the teaching of the Thirty-seventh Psalm, Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed,' " said Lucilla.

"Yes," agreed Evelyn, "if we all had perfect trust in Him, I am sure we should be free from anxiety and very happy."

"I am sure you are right about that," said Chester, "and if we practise it—that teaching—we shall be a happy set."

"I hear our call to supper," said Lucilla. "Eva, won't you and Max come in and sup with us?"

"Do, friends and relatives; we will be very glad to have you partake with us," said Chester.

"Thank you both," said Max. "I think our supper is just about ready, but if you will allow its dishes to be added to yours we may share with each other, and probably enjoy doing so."

All agreed that that was a good idea, and the plan was immediately carried out.

The Sunnyside folks were not more glad to see their home than were the Woodburn people to reach theirs. The captain's carriage contained, not his own family only, but his future son-in-law also. Harold was bidding an affectionate good-bye to Grace on the veranda at Ion when her father said laughingly:

"Don't indulge in adieus just here and now, Harold, but come with us to Woodburn. Who can tell but there may be a patient there longing for a sight of Dr. Harold Travilla's face?"

"Thank you, captain; a kind invitation, and flattering to my medical and surgical skill and supposed desire to be helpful to others; but I should be sorry to crowd you."

He and her father were helping Grace into the vehicle as he spoke.

"There's abundance of room, Harold," said Violet; "get right in and take that seat beside Grace."

"Yes, obey that lady's orders as I do," laughed the captain.

"I thought I had outgrown that business," laughed Harold; "but I will obey in a moment, when I have said good-night to mother and the rest."

That did not take long, and the captain's "Plenty of time for that" seemed to afford satisfactory permission. In five minutes the carriage was on its way down the avenue.

"Now, Tiny, you are on your way to that pretty home I've been telling you about," said Elsie, stroking and patting her little pet monkey.

"What are you telling her for, Elsie?" asked Ned. "Why don't you wait and let her be surprised when she gets there? Surprises are nice. I always like to be surprised."

"Something of a mistake, Ned," said his uncle. "Some surprises are far from agreeable."

"What kind, uncle?" please tell me about some."

"Well, I have heard of it happening to a man to learn that all of a sudden he had lost all his money."

"Oh, that's not so bad. He could earn more."

"Maybe he could; but if so, he'd a good deal rather add that to what he had before than have only that."

"There must be a good many kinds of surprises," returned the little fellow thoughtfully, "and I'd rather have some other kind than that. When papa gave me my pony, that was a very pleasant surprise. Oh, I was just delighted."

"And these tee-tees were a very, very agreeable surprise to both of us," said Elsie, patting and stroking hers, seated in her lap.

"And I'm thinking Eva and Max will soon

have a very agreeable surprise," said Grace, smiling up into her father's face.

"I hope so," he said, returning the smile.

"Oh, what about?" queried Ned, with tone and look of curiosity and excitement.

"No doubt you will learn when they—your brothers and sisters—come over to Woodburn this evening," answered his father.

"Will I?" cried Ned. "Oh, I hope they'll come early; at least, before Elsie and I have to go to bed."

At that everybody laughed, and his mother quietly remarked that she was surprised to find him exhibiting so much curiosity, as it seemed to be understood that that quality belonged rather to women and girls than to men and boys.

"Quite a mistake and slander, my dear," laughed her husband, then changed the subject of conversation by calling attention to a new building going up on a neighboring plantation.

A few minutes later their carriage turned into the Woodburn driveway, and presently

they were leaving it for the veranda of the spacious and lordly dwelling where the servants were assembled, Christine, their lady-like housekeeper, at their head, to welcome the returned travellers to their home. Everybody seemed full of joy over it; and the children were delighted with the curiosity shown in regard to their new pets and the to-do made over them.

A bountiful and most appetizing repast had been prepared for their reception, and they presently seated themselves about the table. A blessing was asked, and the captain began carving a fine turkey, Violet pouring the tea. The table was charmingly furnished with beautiful china, cut-glass, silver, flowers, and dishes of most appetizing-looking food.

"It is really very pleasant to be at home and at one's own table again," remarked the captain, after an appreciative glance over the board.

"Whose table was it that you sat down to on the Dolphin?" laughed Violet.

"My own, I believe," smiled the captain; "but, somehow, I feel more at home here."

"It is delightful to be here; but I miss Lu," sighed Grace.

"Well, daughter, she is not far off. Keep up your spirits; she will probably be here in the course of an hour."

"Husband, brother, sister, baby and all with her, I presume," added Harold sportively. "And baby will probably come in her own coach, like the grand lady she is," laughed Violet. "I shall enjoy seeing her in it."

"Resting on and covered by the beautiful furnishings provided by your generosity and taste, mamma," said Grace, with a loving, appreciative look at her young stepmother.

"Are we going to have a party to-night?" asked Ned.

"Not exactly," said his father; "at least, it will be only a home party of what I call our own immediate family—my children and grandchild."

"Many thanks, my dear captain, that I

seem to be included in the number forming that happy family," said Harold, with a bow and pleased smile.

"Yes," laughed Violet, "but don't imagine that I am going to permit you to call me mamma, considering that you are my younger brother."

"So I am, Mrs. Raymond; but by no means young enough to be an obedient son to you," Harold returned in playful tone, "or, indeed, any son at all. It will be well enough to bear that relationship to your husband, but fairly ludicrous to pretend to bear it to so young and fair a lady as yourself."

"I should think the fairness would make it a trifle less objectionable, if anything could," returned Violet with mischievous look and smile.

"Really, those mutual relationships make small difference, except as they may affect your docility when you are the patient and I the physician," returned Harold gravely.

"All of us obey your orders when you are the doctor, uncle," remarked Elsie. "Sister

Grace never will do a thing that you tell her not to."

"Of course not," laughed Grace. "Where would be the use of employing a physician, if you didn't follow his directions?"

At the conclusion of the meal all repaired to the veranda to await the coming of the Sunnyside folk. It was a warm October evening, the grounds looking beautiful in their autumn robes, and there seemed no pleasanter place to lounge in than that, with its abundance of most comfortable settees and chairs.

"It is very nice to be at home again," said Grace with a happy sigh. "I wouldn't be willing to give up this dear home for any of the beautiful places I have been in."

"I am glad you are so well satisfied, daughter," the captain responded in a pleased tone, "and I hope you will never have less love for your father's house."

"Oh, good, good! There they come!" cried Ned, springing to his feet and clapping his hands as the little group was seen approaching from the direction of Sunnyside.

"Yes, children and grandchild," said the captain, as he and Harold hurried to meet them.

"Many, many thanks, father, for this beautiful and useful gift to our baby daughter," said Max almost before they had fairly met.

"And not from baby's father only, but from her mother also," said Evelyn; "many, many thanks to you and Mamma Vi for both the carriage and its lovely furnishings."

"Ah, those last are gifts especially from my wife," returned the captain.

"Yes, oh yes, I know and appreciate it; but, no doubt, they were given with your approval. Ah, Mamma Vi," as Violet approached, "I hardly know how to thank you enough for your lovely gifts to my baby daughter."

"Then don't try," returned Violet in mirthful tones. "I assure you, the pleasure I found in doing it was reward enough. How is the little dear this evening? Ah, I see she is sound asleep. How nicely her papa must

have rolled the little coach along to get her in that condition."

"She does more sleeping than anything else so far in her life," laughed Max, looking down admiringly into the sweet, fair baby face resting so quietly on the soft pillow.

The children, following their parents, had met them now.

"Oh, we want to see the dear baby!" they said in excited, but rather hushed, voices. "Let us look at her, Brother Max."

"Not yet," he answered. "Let us keep her asleep as long as we can; then when she wakes of herself she will probably be in a pleasant mood. I don't like to hear a baby cry. Do you?"

They had reached the house, and the gentlemen lifted the coach up into the veranda without waking the young sleeper.

Lucilla was on the veranda, gazing about from side to side.

"Oh, how sweet the dear old home does look!" she cried. "I want to go all over this story and the next just now. May I, father?"

"Certainly, my child. It is your own home now quite as much as it ever was; because you are as much as ever my own dear daughter."

"Thank you for those kind, loving words, father dear," she returned with emotion, laying a hand on his shoulder as she stood at his side and giving him a look of ardent affection.

At that he bent his head and kissed her on forehead, cheek and lips.

"It is my turn now, papa," said Grace sportively, coming up to his other side.

"So it is, my darling," he returned, repeating for her exactly what he had done to Lucilla.

Elsie had noted it all with interest.

"Now, papa, isn't it my turn?" she asked, her eyes shining, her lips curling with a smile of love and entreaty.

"Yes, little daughter, yes, indeed! You are no less dear than your older sisters. Come and give and take the caresses papa loves to exchange with you."

Violet and Evelyn preferred to keep watch over the sleeping babe, but all the others joined in making the circuit of the rooms Lucilla had expressed a desire to see. They found them all in good order, Christine being an excellent housekeeper, and having good and competent servants under her.

"It is delightful to come home to houses so well ordered and neat as this and Sunnyside have proved on this occasion, Mamma Vi," Lucilla remarked on her return to the veranda.

"Yes, and I think I fully appreciate it," replied Violet. "You found yours in good order?"

"Perfect. It could not have looked better if I had been there to oversee the work."

"And I can say just the same of mine," said Evelyn.

CHAPTER XVII

Over at Ion the family were left alone, all the guests having now departed to their own homes. Zoe was seeing her children in their nests for the night; Grandpa and Grandma Dinsmore were chatting together on the front veranda, while Grandma Elsie and her sons, Edward and Herbert, a little removed from the older couple, were engaged in a similar manner—her sons asking questions in regard to their mother's experiences during the summer and fall, and she telling a pleasant and interesting tale in regard to them.

Just then a hack came rolling up the avenue.

"Who's that now, I wonder," growled Edward, "coming to interrupt our first private chat with our long absent mother?"

"Probably somebody wanting the doctor,"

sighed Herbert, rising and moving toward the entrance.

At that moment the vehicle came to a standstill at the veranda steps, and instantly out sprang a manly form and came quickly up them.

"Walter!" exclaimed Herbert, reaching out his hand, which the other grasped and shook heartily.

"Yes, brother mine, it is I. Where's mother? Mother! mother, dear! Oh, how glad I am to have you in my arms once more!" as she sprang forward with a cry of joy.

"Walter, my dear, dear youngest son!" and he caught her in his arms. "My baby boy," she laughed the next moment; "my baby boy grown taller than his mother. Oh, why wasn't he here to meet and greet me when I got home?"

"A little business matter, and a misunderstanding as to the probable time of my mother's arrival," he answered, repeating his caresses.

Then they released each other, and joyous and affectionate greetings were exchanged with the remaining members of the family.

"You should have been here sooner, Walter," said Herbert when all were seated again, with his mother in the midst. "She has been telling Ed and me some very interesting things about her recent visit to California."

"Perhaps mother will repeat her story to me one of these days," said Walter. "At present it seems almost enough to see her dear face, without hearing anything but the sound of her sweet voice."

"That sounds very much as if my youngest son had been licking the blarney stone," laughed his mother.

"Not a bit of it, mother," he returned. "You know I wasn't brought up to do such things."

"I hope you were not," she said, "but you have been under other teachers than your mother for years past."

"True, my mother dear, but I hope I have

not forgotten your teachings. Now what is the latest news about uncles, aunts, cousins and friends in this neighborhood?"

"I really think but little has taken place which would be new to you, Walter," replied his mother.

"I doubt," laughed Edward, "if he has heard of the good fortune of Eva and Max."

"Money or estate?" queried Walter.

"Something better than either," remarked his mother, with a pleased smile.

"Oh, I suppose Max has been promoted. Good for him! He's very happy over it, I dare say."

"But it isn't that. You're wide of the mark," laughed Edward.

"You may as well tell me. I don't seem to be Yankee enough to be good at guessing."

"A little daughter, as pretty a baby as ever was seen—of course, excepting Zoe's and mine."

"Oh, is that it?" laughed Walter. "Well, I'll congratulate them when I see them. Am I uncle to it, mother?"

"No," she replied with a smile; "you are not really related at all to either parent, so of course not to the child."

"Yet both the parents and I have been in the habit of calling each other cousin, so I think I'll claim kin with the little beauty you tell me of."

"And I don't think any one will object," said his mother.

Zoe now joined them, welcomed Walter heartily, and the talk went on, principally about the various relatives and connections, but with never an unkind or uncharitable word in regard to any of them.

"And you had them all here to-day," Walter said at length. "I wish I had reached home a few hours sooner."

"We would all have been glad to see you then, as we are now, my son," said his mother. "But don't feel too much disappointed. I have an idea that there will be a number of other family gatherings before Max is ordered away again."

"Yes," said Grandma Dinsmore, "I heard

several of to-day's guests express an intention to have such a family gathering themselves before very long."

"And they are the most agreeable kind to have," said Zoe.

"I think I shall go to-morrow and have a peep at that new relative, as well as a chat with her parents," said Walter. "I dare say they feel quite rich. But how funny to think of the captain and Vi as grandpa and grandma. But, of course, Vi isn't really that, and nobody will think of calling her so."

"She called herself that," said Zoe, "but certainly it seems quite ridiculous. They will all be sorry, as we are, that you were not here to-day to take part in our reception," she added; "but if you would like to speak to any of them now, you know you can use the 'phone."

"Thanks," returned Walter, "but I believe I should prefer to give them a rousing surprise to-morrow by just walking in on them."

"I think that the better plan," said his grandfather approvingly.

"And perhaps I can persuade my mother to go along," added Walter, looking smilingly at her.

"If you get Herbert or Harold to prescribe the ride—or walk; which is it to be?—I will go, expecting benefit from so doing," she responded in mirthful tone.

"Harold!" exclaimed Walter. "By the way, where is he? Visiting some desperately sick patient? I know that's often the case when he fails to adorn the family circle."

"No," said Herbert; "at present he is dancing attendance on Grace Raymond, his adored ladylove."

Walter laughed and said: "Ah, yes, that's all right; Grace is a dear, sweet girl—a beauty, too; and except for the odd mixing up of relationships and the fact that she is delicate, I should be delighted with the prospective match."

"I also," said his mother. "I am very fond of Grace; have loved her ever since my first sight of her sweet face. I can see that she loves Harold dearly, yet is perfectly submis-

sive to her father's will in regard to the time of their marriage. Nor does Harold rebel, though it is plain to be seen that he longs for the time when he may claim her as his very own."

"Yes, mother. Well, I hope he will prescribe early retirement for his ladylove tonight and hasten home to greet his youngest brother, whom he has not seen for nearly a year."

"I presume he has done so; for here he comes now, walking up the avenue," exclaimed Herbert, glancing in that direction.

At that Walter sprang to his feet and hastened forward to meet Harold as he came up the veranda steps.

"Howdy'do, doctor?" he cried with a pleasant laugh. "I hope you've left that pretty patient of yours doing well."

"Why, Walter, my man, I'm glad to see you and know that, young as you are, you've travelled home safely by yourself," responded Harold, reaching the top step and grasping heartily the hand held out to him.

"How do you know that I travelled by myself?" laughed Walter. "Are you quite sure I may not have a ladylove and future father-in-law as well as yourself?"

"Yes, my little man; for if you had I should certainly have learned it before this, since my youngest brother has always been communicative to me."

"Don't be too sure of that, laddie," laughed Walter. "But come along now and join the family circle, which, with you in it, will be quite complete."

"So you are here again, Harold," said his grandfather, as they seated themselves. "How did you and the Raymonds find matters at Woodburn?"

"Everything in perfect order, sir; at least, so far as I could tell, and all seemed entirely satisfied and full of delight that they had at last reached their home."

"That is pleasant news. I suppose you didn't go on to Sunnyside?"

"No, sir; I reserved that pleasant visit for to-morrow."

"Oh," said Walter, "Chester and Lu, Max and Eva are at home now, I suppose; and I'm told the latter couple rejoice in owning a beauty of a baby."

"Yes, she is a beauty, I think," said Harold; "as sweet a little creature as ever I saw."

"That's pretty strong, coming from an old bach, isn't it?" laughed Walter.

"Hardly at an age to be reasonably called old, Walter," remonstrated their mother gently, and with a smile.

"It seems quite well, from a business point of view, for a doctor to be considered old—or at least not very young, mother," said Harold pleasantly, and with a smile.

"Most people are more ready to trust themselves and dear ones to the treatment of a physician who has had some experience in the practice of his profession, than to one whose youth proves him to be but a beginner."

"Quite true, Harold, and very sensible in those who act upon that principle," remarked his grandfather.

CHAPTER XVIII

"It is a lovely morning, one of October's fairest days!" exclaimed Lucilla, glancing from the window of her dressing-room on the day after their home-coming from their recent sojourn upon the banks of the Hudson. "Oh, Chester, my dear, I wish you could just stay at home and spend the day with me!"

"It would be very pleasant to do so, my love," he returned, "but business forbids; and besides," he added laughingly, "I feel very sure you would not be content to really stay at home all day."

"No," she returned in mirthful tone, "but Woodburn seems to me only a part of my home—holding my dear father and the other loved ones—and I cannot be content to refrain from spending a part of every day with them, or from having them spend a part here with me."

"Yes, dearest, I fully understand, and re-

joice that you have their loved companionship when I must be away from home, so that you might be lonely indeed without them," returned Chester. He came close to her side and put an arm about her as he spoke.

"My dear husband," she murmured low and softly, "your companionship has become more and sweeter to me than any or all other, even that of my dear father."

"Oh, thank you for those sweet words, dearest," he returned with emotion. "Ah, I esteem myself a very fortunate man in having such a wife. But it grows late and I must hasten with my preparations, for breakfast first and business after."

"Do, my dear. I am just ready to go down, and I think the call to breakfast will soon follow my entrance into the dining-room."

She met Max in the hall, and they exchanged a pleasant morning greeting.

"How are wife and baby?" she asked.

"They seem to be well, bright and happy."

"And you are looking so."

"Look as I feel, then, when I can refrain from thinking of Uncle Sam's coming orders," he returned with a rather rueful smile.

"Oh, dear! I'd break loose from that old uncle if I were you. Won't you and Eva come in and breakfast with us?"

"No, thank you; we were with you last night, you know, so it's your turn to come to us. Take your breakfast with us this morning, you and Chester, won't you?"

"Thank you, but Chester is so hurried in the mornings. I think he would prefer to join you at tea some of these evenings."

"Ah, yes, that will be better. And there! both breakfast bells are ringing."

Those sounds brought both Evelyn and Chester into the hall. Morning greetings were exchanged with them and the four descended to their breakfast rooms.

Chester did not linger over his breakfast, but Max and Eva ate leisurely, as there was no necessity for haste with either of them at that time.

Lucilla saw her husband on his way, re-

turned to the table, finished her breakfast, had a pleasant little stroll about the grounds with her father, then returned to the house and found them, baby and all, on the veranda, for it was a bright, warm morning. Eva sat with the babe in her arms, Max standing by her side, gazing in the direction of Woodburn.

"Why didn't father come in?" he asked, his tone expressing disappointment and chagrin.

"He said it was a little too late. Mamma Vi would be ready for her breakfast, and he could not think of keeping her waiting. But he thinks they will be here in an hour or so and convoy us all over there."

"All right, as father's plans always are," returned Max with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Just as I think," said Evelyn; "but I doubt if we can make a lengthened stay, as I overheard occasional remarks yesterday at Ion indicating that we would be likely to receive a number of calls from relatives and friends to-day."

"But," laughed Lucilla, "they will be calling upon the Woodburn folks, too, and it will be to them a saving of time and trouble to find us all in one house."

"So it will," responded Max in laughing tone, "and I hope they will appreciate our kindness in so evidently consulting their convenience in regard to the matter."

"Ah, how sweet our little darling looks this morning!" exclaimed Lucilla, stepping to Evelyn's side and bending over the little one. "Precious pet, Aunt Lu loves to look at you."

"Tell Aunt Lu you will look much sweeter when you have had your bath and are dressed for the day," said Evelyn, and the child seemed to answer:

"Let me have it soon, mamma, before my dear grandpa sees me."

"Yes, so you shall," Eva replied, with a laughing look at her husband. "Baby dear, you should appreciate the blessing of having a father who can talk for you until you can do it for yourself. Now," she added, rising

with the child in her arms, "we will go and make the contemplated improvements."

"And I to attend to household affairs," added Lucilla, and they passed into the entrance hall together.

The families at Woodburn and Ion sat down to their breakfast at very nearly the same time. At both places all were well and in good spirits, and as a consequence the chat was lively and pleasant.

"What a lovely morning," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore. "This is one of our delicious October days."

"Yes, and quite a good deal of it would be properly spent in walking and driving," said her husband. "Shall I take you and Elsie over to Woodburn and Sunnyside?"

"You may take me in either way that suits you best," she returned with a pleased smile.

"And you, Elsie?" he asked.

"Thank you, father," she said, her tone and look indicating a grateful appreciation of his kindness in giving the invitation. "I last evening accepted an invitation from Wal-

ter; but we might make up a family party and all go. 'The more the merrier,' as I am sure the Woodburn folk will think."

"Oh, do, do! Let us all go!" cried little Lily. "I want to see the monkeys again."

At that everybody laughed, and Grandpa Dinsmore said:

"Very well, you can visit the monkeys, and the rest of us our relatives."

Lily hung her head and blushed.

"I didn't mean I cared more about the monkeys than about aunt and uncle and the cousins, for I don't."

"No, dear, we all understand that," said Grandma Elsie soothingly; "the monkeys are not the principal attraction, but merely an additional one."

"Yes, ma'am," returned the child with a relieved sigh. "I don't want anybody to think I don't love Aunt Vi and uncle and the rest, because I do; but the monkeys are the funniest."

"Of course, they are," said her Uncle Herbert; "and who doesn't like fun?"

"I know of no one in this house who objects to it in the right time and place," remarked her father, bestowing a reassuring smile upon the little girl.

"We seem likely to have a gay time while our young naval officer remains in the neighborhood," remarked Mr. Dinsmore.

"Yes, sir," said Edward; "so I understand, and I hope they—the various parties planned—may prove enjoyable."

"I have no doubt that they will, my dear," said Zoe.

"I hope they will be in the daytime, so that we children can go," said Lily.

"But even if they do, the monkeys will surely not be present at all of them," remarked Walter gravely.

"But I'm not a monkey, Uncle Walter," she returned in a slightly resentful tone. "You wouldn't have me for your niece if I was."

"No; and you haven't the least look like one. So if you can do without their com-

panionship, I hope you will be permitted to go to all the parties talked of."

"If she is a good girl she shall go to all the parties she's invited to; all the daytime ones in the connection, I mean," said her mother.

"Oh, thank you, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl; "and I may go to-day with you and papa, may I?"

"You shall go somehow and with somebody; we will get it all arranged presently. There are conveyances enough for all to ride if they wish, and it is a delightful day for walking so short a distance if any one prefers to do that."

Some did prefer it, and in a few moments their plans in regard to that were all arranged.

In the meantime Lucilla had made her housekeeping arrangements and toilet for the day, the next-door neighbors had done likewise, the baby, beautifully attired, was sleeping in her carriage, which Max was proud to

draw with his own hands, and they set out on their trip across the lawn to Woodburn.

They received a joyous welcome there, and were told they were just in time to prevent the call from being made in the other direction.

"We were just about to start for Sunnyside," said Violet, "for we were all hungry for a sight of my little granddaughter."

"Oh, mamma, she isn't that, and you don't look a bit like a grandmother!" exclaimed Elsie.

"I'm her own grandfather's wife," laughed Violet, "and what's my husband's is mine also. Isn't it, my dear?" turning to him with a pleased little laugh.

"Yes," he replied, "I consider you as having a right to a share in all my possessions."

"That's nice and kind in you, papa," said Elsie, "but I don't like my pretty young mamma to be thought old; and folks will think so if she's called grandma."

"Well, daughter, I should think a sight of

her face would convince anybody of the absurdity of that," the captain said, drawing Elsie to his side and smoothing her hair caressingly. Then bending over the babe, which was waking, he said caressingly: "Grandpa's pretty pet! the first grandchild, sweet and beautiful as a lily or a rose."

At that she looked up into his face and cooed.

"That's a pretty reply to grandpa, baby darling," he said, softly touching her cheek with his lips.

Then she seemed to speak:

"I love you, my dear grandpa."

"Oh, that's nice for her to say," cried Elsie, clapping her hands and laughing merrily; "and I do believe she does, papa, for see how sweetly she looks at you. Oh, I think she's just the dearest, prettiest baby that ever was made."

"That's rather strong, isn't it?" laughed Max; "but you are young and have seen comparatively few of her age."

"I really think a brighter or prettier one

would be hard to find," said her grandfather.

"And it wouldn't be worth her father's while to pretend to disagree with me," he added, glancing at Max with a twinkle of fun in his eye.

"We are not disposed to contradict you, father," Evelyn said with a smile, "but perhaps it is partly because she is our very own that she looks so pretty to us."

"Oh, there are some folks coming up the driveway!" exclaimed Ned. "Why, they are grandma and Uncle Herbert and—Uncle Walter, I do believe!"

"And I think you are right," said his father, then hurried forth to meet and welcome the approaching guests. Violet followed closely in his footsteps, the others a little more slowly.

Warm greetings were exchanged, then came a gathering about the carriage, and Evelyn and Max were gratified by hearing Walter say he really thought it the prettiest young baby he had ever seen.

"And so far she's as good as she is pretty," said Lucilla; "a bit bairnie to be proud of."

"There's nobody here who will contradict you in that," said Violet, gazing admiringly upon the sweet baby face.

"She seems a fortunate little one—has come to the right place, I think," remarked Herbert.

"Yes, the right place to be loved and petted," said Violet. "I suppose partly because we have had no baby among us for some years."

"I'm glad we have one now, and that she's my little niece, the dearest, prettiest baby in the land!" cried Elsie, bending over the child and regarding it with loving admiration.

"Where's Harold?" asked Violet. "I wonder he didn't come with his mother and brothers."

"Gone to visit some patients who have been longing for his return," replied Herbert; adding laughingly: "They actually appear to

think him a better physician than either Cousin Arthur or myself. I presume he will be in after a little, though. And yonder, I see, come grandpa and grandma, with Ed and his family."

"Ah, that is well," said the captain; "the more the merrier."

The new arrivals met a hearty welcome, spent a delightful half hour, then returned to Ion; but had scarcely left Woodburn when a servant came to tell the Sunnyside folk that callers were there awaiting the return of its owners.

"Who are they?" asked Max.

"The folks from the Oaks and Beechwood," was the reply.

"Oh, just our own connections," said Lucilla; "so, father, you, Grandma Elsie, Mamma Vi and the rest, you will accompany us, won't you? I think it would be pleasant for us all."

Evelyn and Max added their urgent invitation, and all accepted except Herbert, who excused himself on the plea that there

were patients whom he ought to call upon promptly.

Max and his wife and sister found their callers seated upon the veranda at Sunnyside, enjoying a view of the beautiful grounds, and chatting cosily together while awaiting their coming.

Cordial greetings were exchanged, the baby was noticed and admired, and some one asked if she could still talk as well as she did yesterday.

"Can't you, my pet?" asked her father, leaning over her, and an answer seemed to come from her lips:

"I'll try, papa, if you will help me."

"I really think she can talk now quite as well as she did yesterday," Max said with becoming gravity.

"And I presume she will be able to whenever her father is with her," laughed Violet.

"And when he is gone, perhaps she may succeed when Cousin Ronald is by," said the captain. "I shall certainly not be surprised if she does."

"It probably will not be so very long before she can use her own tongue," said Mr. Lilburn.

"And we will hope she will use it aright as she grows up to girlhood, and then to womanhood," remarked her grandfather, gazing affectionately upon the little one now nestling in her mother's arms.

"Your first grandchild, is it not, sir?" asked Mr. Lilburn, addressing the captain.

"Yes," he replied, "and her coming has given me some serious thoughts about my increasing years. I believe I am growing an old man."

"Not so very," laughed Cousin Ronald, shaking his head. "I have been a grandsire for years, and when I began the business I was older than you are now."

"And to me he doesn't seem so very old even yet," Annis said with an affectionate smile.

"That sounds pleasant, coming from the lips of my bonny young wife," Mr. Lilburn said, returning her smile.

There was a momentary silence, then the old gentleman went on in a meditative tone:

"Life in this world has many blessings and many trials, but the Bible tells us, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and in my experience that promise has been fulfilled many, many times. Friends, the day after to-morrow is the Sabbath. Suppose we meet together, as we were wont to do in the past, and have 'strength' as the subject for the Bible lesson. I invite you all to come to Beechwood for that purpose."

"Thank you, sir," said Captain Raymond, speaking for all, "but allow me to offer Woodburn as the place for meeting, it being more central and—so near this—better suited to the entertainment of my little granddaughter, whose parents would hardly like to go leaving her behind."

Cousin Ronald laughed at that.

"No; and that would be a bad lesson to begin her education with—the keepin' her oot o' the Bible class. I'm not particular where

our class shall meet, and Woodburn will suit me as well as any ither place."

Just then there were arrivals from Fairview and the Laurels, which caused the subject to be dropped for the time. But it was taken up again after a little, and Woodburn finally settled upon as the place for the next Sunday's Bible class.

CHAPTER XIX

The fine weather continued; Sunday was bright and beautiful—the woods gay with autumn tints, the air balmy and sweet with the scent of late fruits and flowers. The Ion, Fairview, Roselands, Beechwood, Woodburn, Sunnyside and the Laurels people went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon most of them gathered at Woodburn to spend an hour in the study of the Bible, Mr. Ronald Lilburn being the leader of the class.

"Our subject to-day," he said, "is the strength the Lord promises and gives to His people—His own loved ones, His servants, in their hours of need. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Captain Raymond, can you bring to our attention any other promise of strength as it is needed?"

"Yes," replied the captain; "here in the

fortieth chapter of Isaiah we read: 'Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.' "

"A most beautiful passage," said Mr. Lilburn, "and now, friends, I think each one of you has one or more passages selected; please read aloud in turn as you sit, without waiting to be called upon."

Violet's turn came next, as she sat beside her husband, and she read: "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God,

my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

Her mother sat next, and she read: "The Lord is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places. . . . This day is holy unto the Lord: neither be ye sorry: for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Then Grace read: "The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall He rejoice."

Then Lucilla read: "Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy."

"Seek the Lord and His strength: seek His face evermore," read little Elsie.

Then Harold: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Then Herbert: "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord, JEHOVAH, is everlasting strength."

Then Max: "Let him take hold of any strength, that he may make peace with Me; and he shall make peace with Me."

Then Evelyn: "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness."

The others said their selected texts had been read.

There was a moment's pause, then Mr. Lilburn said:

"I think it altogether likely that every one present who has gone past the meridian of life could tell of personal experience of the fulfilment to her or himself of that gracious, precious promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and I, for one, should be very glad to hear their testimony to our Heavenly Father's faithfulness to His promise.

A moment's silence, then the captain said:

"And you, Cousin Ronald, being the eldest and our chosen leader, might well be the first with your story of the Lord's goodness to you, and faithfulness to His promises."

"I am entirely willing," the old gentleman returned pleasantly. "The Lord has been exceedingly good to me through all the years of my life. I have had very many troubles, trials and difficulties, but His grace and the many great and precious promises of His Word have helped me through them all. I have seen the grave close over wife, children, parents and friends, but have been sustained under the sore trial by the glad hope of meeting them all in that better land where there is no more death, no sin, no parting, but all is righteousness and peace and joy forevermore.

"And even in this world the Lord has given me much to repair my losses and renew the joys of my younger days," he added with a very loving look and smile directed to Annis.

She returned the smile and spoke in low, pleasing tones:

"I, too, have had some sore trials, and can testify to the Lord's faithfulness to His promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Years ago my heart was torn with grief over the deaths of parents, brothers, sisters and

other dear ones. There have been other trials also, but the Lord's promise has never failed. He has brought me safely through them all, and is making my later days my best days—full of peace, comfort and happiness."

It was now Mrs. Elsie Travilla's turn, as she sat next to her Cousin Annis. She spoke in low, sweet tones, distinctly audible in the quiet of the room:

"I give my testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to that gracious promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I never knew a mother's love and care, for mine died when I had been but a few days in this world; and my father was so far away that it seemed much as if I had none. But I was in the care of those who taught me of Jesus and His love as soon as I could understand the meaning of the words; and while yet a very little child I learned to know and love Him. I loved my home, too, and it was a sore trial to be brought away from it. Then, when I first saw my father and perceived that he did not care for me, my heart was almost broken and

only the love of Jesus helped me to bear it.

"That trial was soon happily over; but later in life sore bereavement came, the nearest and dearest being called away from earth. But even then strength was given me according to my day; and while grieving for myself, I could rejoice for them. And these later days are, oh, so full of peace and joy and love!"

Harold sat near his mother, and was the next to speak:

"I have as yet seen no very great trials, but in going into the recent war with Spain I felt that I was risking life and limb; but the Lord sustained me with the thought that I was doing so for the sake of oppressed and suffering fellow-creatures, and with that thought came strength according to my day."

"And my experience was the same," added Herbert.

"Mine also," said Max. "When we went into the fight at Manila I feared wounds and death, but I knew we were in the right—fight-

ing to free the downtrodden and sorely oppressed, and, knowing that the Lord had the disposal of it all, I had strength given me according to my day. Now you, dearest," he added in an undertone to his wife.

Eva said in low, gentle tones:

"I have seen sorrow, losing my dear, passionately loved father before I had grown to womanhood; but my strength was according to my day, the Lord comforting me with His love, and as wife and mother, and having a kind father, brothers, sisters and friends, I am now a very happy woman, indeed."

A slight pause, then Captain Raymond spoke.

"I have had many, many blessings and some trials also. My dear father died when I was a young lad, my best of mothers when I had scarcely more than reached man's estate; brother and sisters had gone from earth also, and I was left alone, with small means, but good health. I was still quite a young man when I met a sweet young girl who had been, like myself, bereft of all her nearest relatives.

We loved and married, but I had to leave her often, sometimes for long intervals, for the duties of my profession. We were very happy when together, but in a few years she left this world for a better, and the three children God had given us to my sole care, though I had to be away most of the time upon the sea. I have since found one to take her place —one as dear and loving as she was herself," he added with a look and smile directed to Violet that thrilled her heart with joy and love.

It was her turn now, and she began at once:

"I have had a peaceful, happy life, both as a young girl and as a married woman, though some deep sorrows came to me years ago; first the death of a darling younger sister, then that of the best and dearest father that ever lived." Her voice trembled with emotion, but she went on. "But then in those sad hours was fulfilled to me that precious promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be;' and though I feel it to be only reasonable to expect other and greater trials in the future,

I can trust my Heavenly Father to fulfil it to me again and again till I reach that blessed land where there is no more sin or sorrow or suffering."

No one else in the room made any lengthened response to the invitation to tell of the fulfilment to them of the gracious promise "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," merely saying that they believed it and trusted in it for the future, but as yet had had no very great trials.

Then Violet went to her organ, played a short prelude and began singing a hymn, in which all joined:

"In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be."

CHAPTER XX

The whole connection seemed filled with a desire to entertain their returned travellers, especially Max, whose present stay among them would be but short. And that the baby might accompany its parents, the gathering together of the relatives and friends was always in the afternoon.

On Monday they took dinner and spent the afternoon at the Laurels, on Tuesday at the Oaks, Wednesday at Roselands, Thursday at Beechwood, and there the younger ones had great sport, Cousin Ronald and Max helping them.

They were all on the veranda after dinner, chatting pleasantly among themselves, when Ned exclaimed:

"Oh, let's have some fun on the lawn! We may play there, mayn't we, Cousin Ronald?"

"You may, Cousin Ned," answered the old gentleman with a pleased smile, "and mayhap I'll tak' a turn wi' ye, if I'm not deemed sae auld as to spoil the sport."

"Oh, I think it would be fun for us to have you with us, sir!" cried Ned. "Now, how many of you boys and girls would like to join in a game of 'I spy'?"

In reply to that query all the children present immediately expressed a desire to take part in the game, and they promptly adjourned to the grounds. All were familiar with the game.

"Now who shall be the one to hide his eyes?" asked Ned, his look and tone of voice showing a desire to fill the position himself.

That was evident to the others, and two or three of the cousins said at once:

"You, Ned; you'll do as well as any other."

So, the base being chosen, Ned covered his eyes and the others scattered and hid behind bushes, trees and summer houses. Then from every direction came the cry "All Ready!" and Ned's eyes were instantly uncovered and

away he ran, looking about him searchingly from side to side.

Presently catching a glimpse of a familiar coat worn by his cousin Eric Leland, "I spy Eric Leland!" he shouted. "I'll beat you in to base," then turned and ran back to the chosen base—the lower step of the front veranda.

Both boys ran as fast as their young legs could carry them, but Ned reached the base and Eric became "It."

Directly after these two came all the others engaged in the game, and just as the last one had reached the goal there came an angry growl, apparently from under the veranda.

"How dare you rude youngsters come tramping and stamping here in this rude way? It's enough to kill a man with a headache like mine, and I wont stand it. Clear out, every one of you."

For a moment the children seemed thunderstruck, then they began asking each other in awed, frightened tones:

"Who is it? and where is he? Is there a

room for him under there? and will he come out and fight us?"

Then all at once Ned, Elsie and the cousins from the Oaks and Fairview began to laugh.

"Oh, it's Cousin Ronald or Max, and we needn't be a bit afraid," they said.

But at that the voice spoke again:

"I a relation of yours? Think I'd own any o' you for relations o' mine?"

"Yes, I do think so," replied Ned stoutly. "I know you're either Cousin Ronald or Brother Max, and whichever you are I'm not a bit afraid of you, because you're both as good and kind as ever you can be."

"That's the way to talk," replied the voice. "You are a pretty good boy, I perceive. So go on with your play, and if you don't make a racket here and hurt my head I'll not interfere with you."

"Where is your head, cousin or brother, whichever you are?" asked Ned.

"On my shoulders, saucebox," was the reply.

At that all the children laughed.

"That's funny," said Ned. "Mine is at the top of my neck."

"Well, keep it there," said the voice. "Now run off to your play, all o' ye, and leave me in peace to nurse my head and get rid of the ache."

"Yes," said Ned, "but first I'm going to look for Cousin Ronald and Brother Max, because I'd like to know which has been trying to cheat us and pretending to scold."

He straightened himself and looked earnestly along the veranda as he spoke. Evidently the company there had been listening to what was going on and enjoying the sport, Cousin Ronald and Max among them. Captain Raymond was there, too, standing at the top of the steps and looking as if he had been having a share of the fun.

"You are having a good deal of fun, aren't you, my young friends?" he asked. "To hear and see it all makes me rather hungry for a share of it. Would you object to my joining you?"

"Oh, no! No, indeed!" cried several young voices. "Please come; we'll be glad to have you."

So the captain stepped down and joined them.

That started the older people. Not only Mr. Lilburn and Max hastened to join the players, but Chester and Lucilla, Dr. Harold and Grace, Dr. Herbert and Dr. Arthur Conly.

They all seemed to renew their youth, entering heartily into the sport, to the great delight of the children, the two ventriloquists increasing it by the use of their peculiar talent. Sometimes the players were surprised and puzzled by voices, unlike any of theirs, calling from different quarters, but presently the more knowing ones would give a merry shout that would open the eyes of the others to the fact that it was only a ventriloquial trick for their amusement.

When they grew tired of "I spy" other games were tried with success, and it was only as the time for going home drew near that

they ceased their sport and rejoined the older members of the party upon the veranda.

Evelyn was sitting there with her baby on her knee, and many of the children gathered about her, saying they wanted a bit of fun with her—the baby—before going home; wanted to hear her talk.

"But she is too young to talk," said Evelyn; "she will hardly be able to say anything for months to come."

"Oh, her father can make her talk," laughed Eric; "if he tells her to, she'll mind him. Won't you, baby dear?"

"Yes, I will. Babies ought to do what their papas tell them to."

The words seemed to come from the little lips, and the children turned to see if Max was near. He was, and smiled in response to their questioning glances.

"Doesn't she do pretty well for so young a talker?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, with her father to help her," laughed Eric. "But I'm afraid she won't be able to do so well when you are away on ship-

board. Unless Cousin Ronald is somewhere near," he added, as an after thought.

"Yes, I like Cousin Ronald," the baby voice seemed to say.

"And you love your aunties, don't you?" asked Elsie Raymond, leaning over her.

"Yes, I love you and all the other ones."

"And don't you love your cousin doctor, who takes care of you and mamma when you need him?" asked Dr. Harold, joining the group.

"Yes, indeed! Will you be my uncle some day?"

"I hope so," laughed Harold. "You will make a nice little niece, I think."

"And I think he will be a nice uncle," laughed Grace, who was standing by his side.

Captain Raymond, too, was near, the baby being as attractive to him as to any one else—except, perhaps, the parents.

"I should like to be able to prove that very soon," said Harold with a significant glance at the captain.

At that Grace blushed and gave her father

a loving, entreating look that seemed to say:

"Don't be angry with us, father dear. I love you, and we are not rebellious."

" 'Patient waiting no loss,' " he said with kindly look and smile. "I love my daughter too well to be in a hurry to give her away."

"What will you do when your papa goes away to his ship, baby?" asked Eric.

"Stay at home with mamma," was the reply, at which the children all laughed.

But now the carriages were at the door, and they must hasten to prepare for their homeward drive.

It was but a short one from Beechwood to Woodburn, and to that hospitable home went not only the immediate family, but the Sunnyside folk also, Grandma Elsie and her sons, Harold and Herbert.

An inviting tea was ready for them on their arrival, and after it they had a delightful social evening together, music and conversation making the time pass very swiftly.

But the guests were all disposed to retire to their homes at a reasonably early hour; first, however, they sang a hymn together; then the captain read a portion of Scripture, and led them in a prayer full of love and gratitude for the numberless blessings that sweetened their lives. Then the good-nights were said and the outsiders departed to their homes. But there was no sadness in the partings, for all expected to meet again in a few hours.

When Grace came to her father for the usual good-night caress he took her in his arms and held her close.

"My own darling daughter," he said low and tenderly, "you don't know how dear, how very dear you are to your father. Millions could not buy you from me."

"Dear, dear papa, it is very sweet to have you love me so," she responded in tones trembling with emotion, "and I think my love for you is as great as yours for me."

"Yet you want me to give you away?"

"No, sir; only to take another son as a

partner in the concern when you think the right time has come," she answered, smiling up into his face.

At that he gave her a smiling caress.

"So I will when I think that time has come," he said, "but till then I hope you can be happy in my home, under my care, and loved and petted as one of my own God-given children."

"I am sure I can, papa, and I shall never, never be willing to go too far away to see and talk with you every day."

"That is pleasant for me to hear," he said, "and I hope to keep you in this home with me even after you exchange my name for another; and if you and Harold grow tired of that I think I can find room on this estate for another dwelling, not inferior to Sunnyside, put it up and furnish it for my second daughter, who is not to be treated with any less favor than her elder sister and brother."

"Oh, papa, how good, good you are to me!" she exclaimed low and feelingly. "I am so glad and thankful that I was born your child.

But I should love to be that even if you were poor and couldn't do anything for me."

"I believe you would, my darling," he returned. "But now bid me good-night and go; for it is time you were resting, after all the excitement and fatigues of the day."

"Yes, papa, dear, dear papa," she said, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him with ardent affection, "you are so kind to me, and, oh, how I do love you! I wouldn't marry even Harold, whom I dearly love, if I knew that he would take me far away from you."

"Nor could I be willing to give you to him if that was to be the result. But there seems little or no danger of that, as his home and near connections are in this neighborhood and he seems to have no desire to leave it. My greatest objection to the match is the mixture of relationships it will bring about. You, my own daughter, will be my sister-in-law, and Harold son-in-law to his sister. Still, as there is no blood relationship between you two, and you seem so devotedly attached to

each other, I have not felt that I had any right to forbid the match."

"Yes, papa, and you were very, very kind not to do so; for dearly as I love Harold, I would never marry him without your consent."

"No, I know you would not, my darling, for I have not a more obedient, bidable child than you. But I must not keep you longer from your needed night's rest."

Then laying his right hand gently upon her head, he gave her the fatherly blessing Lucilla loved so well: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

"Dear papa, thank you," she said with emotion, glad tears in her eyes. "I do love that blessing, and I hope you will have it as well as I."

"I hope so, daughter," he said; "nothing could be better for either of us. And I am exceedingly glad that he who has won your young heart is a Christian man."

CHAPTER XXI

Max and Evelyn were in their own Sunnyside home, leaning over their sleeping babe, their faces shining with love and joy.

"The darling!" exclaimed Max, speaking low and tenderly. "She seems to me the dearest, loveliest child that ever was made."

"To me, too," returned Eva with a low and sweet laugh, "though I know that is because she is yours and mine; and there must have been very many others quite as beautiful and sweet."

"Yes, no doubt; and I suppose it is because she is our very own that she seems so wonderfully attractive and lovable to me. And yet she seems to be so to others not related to her."

"Quite true, Max, and my heart sings for joy over her; and yet we cannot tell that she will always be an unmixed blessing, for we

do not know what her character in future life may be. Oh, Max, we must try to train her up aright, and we must pray constantly for God's blessing upon our efforts; for without His blessing they will avail nothing."

"No, dearest, I am sure of that, and my darling little daughter will be always remembered in my prayers. That will be almost all I can do for her in that line, as my profession will call me almost constantly to a distance from home. You, dearest, will have to bear the burden of her training and education; except such parts as money can procure."

"I know, I know," Evelyn replied in moved tones, "and you must pray for me that I may have wisdom, grace and strength according to my day."

"That I will, dear wife; and we will converse every day by letter, shall we not?"

"Yes, indeed, and you shall know as well as written words can tell you how baby grows, and looks, and learns. And she shall know her papa by seeing his photograph and hear-

ing a great deal about him from mamma's lips."

"It is pleasant to think of that," Max said with a smile. "And of my home-coming, which I hope will be rather frequent, as we are at peace and I am likely to be on some vessel near the shore of this, our own land."

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed Evelyn. "How I shall look and long for your coming! Ah, I envy those women whose husbands are always at home with them."

"Oh, my dear, some of them would be glad if they weren't. Unfortunately, all marriages are not the happy ones that ours is; some husbands and wives have little love for each other, little enjoyment in each other's society."

"Alas, my dear, that is a sad truth," sighed Evelyn; "and our mutual love and happiness in each other is still another cause for gratitude to God."

"Yes, indeed, and I thank Him every day —and many times a day—for the dear, lovable wife He has given me."

"As I do for my best and dearest of husbands," she said in response.

"And oh, what a number of dear relatives and friends our marriage has given me! Friends they were before, but not really relatives. I am so glad to be able to call your father, sisters and little brother mine. It is so sad to have no near relatives."

"Yes, I feel that it must be, though I have not known it by experience, having always had my dear father and sisters, Lu and Grace. But now, dearest, it grows late and you are looking weary. Had you not better get to bed as quickly as possible?"

"Yes, my dear, thoughtful husband; it has been quite an exciting day and I am weary," she said, turning from the cradle to him, her eyes shining with love and joy.

After Grace had said good-night and retired to her own apartments the captain and Violet sat chatting together in the library for some time. It was quite past their usual hour for retiring, when at length they went up to their bedroom. The door was open be-

tween it and the next room, which had formerly been occupied by Grace, but was now given up to Ned, he having graduated from the nursery, much to his own gratification. He considered it plain proof that he was no longer a baby boy, but a big fellow hastening on toward manhood.

"I have been feeling somewhat anxious about our little boy," Violet said in an undertone to her husband, while laying aside her jewelry, "he was so flushed and excited while getting ready for bed. Oh, hark, how he is talking now!"

She paused in her employment and stood listening, the captain doing likewise.

"I got to the base first, and it's your turn to be 'It,' Eric!" Ned called out in excited tones.

Tears started to Violet's eyes as she turned toward her husband with a questioning, appealing look.

"I fear he is indeed not well," returned the captain, moving toward the open door. "We will see what can be done for him."

Violet followed. The captain lighted the gas and both went to the bedside. Ned was rolling and tumbling about the bed, muttering and occasionally calling out a few words in regard to the game he imagined himself playing.

"Ned, my son," the captain said in soothing tones, "you are not at play now, but at home in your bed. Try to lie still and sleep quietly."

The captain took the little hot hand in his as he spoke. He was surprised and alarmed at its heat, and that the little fellow did not seem to know where he was or who it was that spoke to him.

"Oh, Levis, the child is certainly very ill," said Violet in low, trembling tones. "Would it not be well to 'phone for one of my doctor brothers? I am sure either of them would come promptly and cheerfully if he knew our boy was ill and we wanting advice for him."

"I haven't a doubt of it, dearest, and I will go at once to the 'phone," replied the captain, leaving the room, while Violet leaned over

her little son, smoothing the bedclothes and doing all she could to make him more comfortable.

At Ion most of the family had retired to rest, but Harold had lingered over some correspondence in the library, and was going quietly up the stairway when he heard the telephone bell. He went directly to the instrument, saying to himself a trifle regretfully:

"Somebody wanting the doctor, I suppose. Hello!" he called, and was instantly answered in Captain Raymond's unmistakable voice:

"I am glad it is you, Harold, for we want you badly, as soon as you can come to us. Ned is, I fear, very ill; has a high fever and is quite delirious."

"I will come at once," returned Harold. "Poor, dear little chap! His uncle loves him too well to let him suffer a moment's illness that he may possibly be able to relieve."

As Harold turned from the instrument his mother's bedroom door opened and she stood

there arrayed in a dressing-gown thrown hastily over her night-dress.

"What is it, Harold, my son?" she asked. "I heard the telephone. Are any of our dear ones taken sick?"

"Don't be troubled, mother dear," he returned in tenderly respectful tones. "It was only a call from Woodburn to say that little Ned is not well and they would like me to come and do what I can for him."

"And you are going?"

"Yes, mother, with all haste."

"I should like to go with you, to do what I can for the child and to comfort poor Vi."

"Oh, don't, mother! Please go back to your bed, take all the rest and sleep that you can and go to them to-morrow. That is your eldest doctor son's prescription for you. Won't you take it?" putting an arm about her and kissing her tenderly.

"Yes," she said, returning the caress with a rather sad sort of smile, "for I think he is a good doctor, as well as one of the best of

sons." And with that she went back to her bed, while he hurried away to his patient.

It was an anxious night to both him and Ned's parents, and the morning brought little, if any, relief to them or the young sufferer.

Chester and his wife were breakfasting cozily together that morning, when Captain Raymond walked in upon them unannounced.

"Father!" cried Lucilla, springing up and running to him. "Good morning. I'm so glad to see you. But—oh, father, what is the matter? You look real ill."

As she spoke she held up her face for the usual morning kiss.

He gave it with affection, then said in moved tones:

"Your little brother is very, very ill. Harold and we have been up with him all night. He is no better yet, but we do not give up hope."

"Oh, I am so, so sorry!" she sighed, tears filling her eyes. "He is such a dear little fel-

low, and has always been so healthy that I have hardly thought of sickness in connection with him."

Chester had left his seat at the table and was standing with them now.

"Do not despair, captain," he said with feeling; "all is not lost that is in danger, and we will all pray for his recovery, if consistent with the Lord's will."

"Yes, the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much, and the Lord will spare our dear one if He sees best," returned the captain feelingly.

"Father dear, you look so weary," Lucilla said with emotion. "Let me do something for you. Won't you sit down to the table and have a cup of coffee, if nothing else?"

"Thank you, daughter. Perhaps it would help to strengthen me for the day's trials and duties," he replied, accepting the offered seat.

They were about leaving the table when Max came in.

"Good-morning, father, sister and broth-

er," he said, looking about upon them with a grave, concerned air. "I have just heard bad news from one of the servants—that my little brother is very ill. Father, I hope it is not true?"

"I am sorry, Max, my son, to have to say that it is only too true," groaned the captain. "We have been up with him all night, and he is a very sick child."

"Oh, that is sad indeed! Can I help with the nursing, father, or be of service in any way?"

"I don't know, indeed; but come over all of you, as usual, to cheer us with your presence, and perhaps make yourselves useful in some other way."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to do anything I can to help or comfort; but—if our baby should cry, might it not disturb poor little Ned?"

"I think not; we have him in the old nursery. Her cry, if she should indulge in one, would hardly reach there, and if it did he is not in a state to notice it. So come

over as usual; the very sight of you will do us all good."

"I was going into town as usual," said Chester, "but if I can be of any use—"

"Your help will not be needed, with so many others, and you can cheer us with your presence after you get home in the afternoon," returned the captain in kindly, appreciative tones. "Are Eva and the baby well, Max?" he asked, turning to his son.

"Quite well, thank you, father, and you will probably see us all at Woodburn in an hour or so."

With that Chester and the captain departed.

At Ion, Mrs. Elsie Travilla came down to breakfast evidently attired for a drive or walk. No one was surprised, for the news of Ned Raymond's serious illness had already gone through the house, causing sorrow and anxiety to the whole family.

Herbert, too, was ready for a drive, and presently after leaving the table took his mother over to Woodburn in his gig. Dr.

Conly also arrived about the same time, having been telephoned to in regard to the illness of his young relative.

Several days followed that were sad ones to not only the immediate Woodburn and Sunnyside families, to whom little Ned was so near and dear, but to the other more distant relatives and friends. All of them were ready and anxious to do anything and everything in their power for the relief of the young sufferer and to comfort and help the grieved and anxious parents.

But Harold's skill and knowledge of the disease and the most potent and effectual remedies did more than all other human means to remove it and restore the young lad to health. Harold was at length able to pronounce his young patient free from disease and on a fair road to entire recovery of health. Violet embraced her brother and wept for joy, while the father and sisters—the older brother also—were scarcely less glad and thankful.

"Come into the library, Harold, and let us

have a little private chat," the captain said, in tones husky with emotion.

For some moments they sat in silence, the captain evidently too much moved to command his voice in speech. But at length he spoke in low, trembling tones.

"Brother Harold, dear fellow, I can never thank you enough for saving the life of my little son;—you were the instrument in the hands of God our Heavenly Father. Money cannot pay the debt, but I should like to give a liberal fee as an expression of the gratitude felt by us all, especially your Sister Violet and myself."

There was emotion in Harold's voice also as he answered:

"My dear brother, don't forget that it was not so much your son as my own dear little nephew I was working to save. Thank you heartily for your desire to reward me with a liberal fee, but I feel that I can well afford to use all the knowledge, strength and skill I possess for the benefit of my dear ones without any payment in 'filthy lucre;' but, my

dear brother, there is one reward you could give me which I should be far from despising—which I should value more than a mint of money, or any amount of stocks, bonds or estate."

He paused, and after a moment's silence the captain spoke:

"You mean my daughter Grace? Surely, you forget that I long ago consented to the match."

"If I would serve for her as Jacob did for Rachel; but I want her now, and if you will give her to me directly I will watch over her with all the care and solicitude of both a devoted husband and physician; and I think you will find that marriage will not break down her health. Has not that improved under my care? and may we not hope to see still greater improvement when she is my dear devoted wife?—for she does love me, unworthy as I am."

The captain sat for a moment apparently in deep thought. Then he said:

"Being of the medical profession, you

ought to know better than I what will be likely or unlikely to injure her health. I believe you to be thoroughly honest and true, Harold, and if such is your opinion, and you are willing to live here in this house for at least the first year, and afterward in one that I shall build for you and her on this estate, you may have her in a few months. You know, she will want a little time for the preparation of her trousseau," he added with a smile.

"Thank you, captain, thank you with all my heart!" exclaimed Harold, his face aglow with happiness.

At that moment Grace's voice was heard speaking to some one in the hall without.

The captain stepped to the door and opened it.

"Grace, daughter," he said, "come here for a moment. Harold and I have something to say to you."

She came immediately, blushing, smiling, a look half of inquiry, half of pleased expectation on her sweet and lovely face.

Her father, still standing by the door, closed it after her, took her hand, drew her into his arms and kisssed her tenderly, fondly.

"My child, my own dear child," he said, "I have given you away, or promised to do so as soon as you can make your preparations and—want me to give up my right in you to another."

"Oh, no, papa, not that," she returned, her eyes filling with tears; "am I not your very own daughter? and shall I not always be, as long as we both live?"

"Yes, yes, indeed, my own precious darling, and this is to be your home still for at least a year after—you drop my name for Harold's."

"I shall never drop it, father, only add to it," she returned, with both tears and smiles.

Harold stood close beside them now.

"And you are willing to share mine, dearest, are you not?" he asked, taking her hand in his.

"Yes, indeed, since I have your dear love," she answered low and feelingly.

"And I think he has been the means of saving your dear life, and now your little brother's also," her father said with feeling, "so I cannot refuse you to him any longer, my darling, sorrowful thing as it is to me to give you up."

"Oh, don't give me up, dear father, don't!" she entreated with pleading look and tone. "Surely, I shall not be less yours because I become his also."

"No, my dear child, I shall surely be as much your father as ever. Shall I not, Harold?"

"Surely, sir; and mine also, if you will accept me as your son."

Violet came to the door at that moment.

"May I come in?" she asked; "or would that be intruding upon a private interview?"

"Come in, my dear; we will be glad to have you," replied her husband.

She stepped in and was a little surprised to find the three already there standing in a group together.

It was Harold who explained.

"Congratulate me, sister; I have got leave to claim my bride as soon as she can make ready for the important step."

"Ah? Oh, I am glad, for you richly deserve it for what you have done for our precious little Ned."

"Thank you, sister," Harold said with emotion, "but give God the praise. I could have done nothing had He not blessed the means used."

"True; and my heart is full of gratitude to Him." Then, turning to Grace: "I am very, very glad for Harold to be, and feel that he is, rewarded, but, oh, how shall I ever do without you—the dearest of dear girls?"

"I have not yet consented to her departure from her father's house," said the captain, turning a proud, fond look upon his daughter, "but have stipulated that we are to have them here in this house for at least a year;

then in another to be built upon this estate—if they wish to leave us."

"Oh, I like that!" exclaimed Violet. "It removes all objections—except with regard to the mixture of relationships," she added with a slight laugh. "But I am forgetting my errand. Ned is awake and asking hungrily for his father and his doctor."

"Then we must go to him at once," said both gentlemen, Grace adding:

"And I, too, if I may, for surely he would not object to seeing his sister also."

"No, indeed," said Violet, "and the sight of your dear, sweet face, Gracie, could not, I am sure, do anything but good to any one who sees it."

"Ah, mamma, I fear you are becoming a flatterer," laughed Grace. "But it must be for father or the doctor to decide my course of conduct on this occasion."

"You may come, if you will promise not to say more than a dozen unexciting words to my patient," Harold said in a tone between jest and earnest.

"I promise," laughed Grace. "It seems I have to begin to obey you now."

"I think you began a year or two ago," he returned laughingly. "You have been a very satisfactory patient."

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "Father, have I your permission to go with you to take a peep at my little sick brother?"

"Yes, daughter, if you will be careful to follow the doctor's directions."

"I will, father, first following in his and your footsteps," she said, doing so along with Violet as the two gentlemen, having passed into the hall, now began mounting the broad stairway.

They found the young patient lying among his pillows, looking pale and weak. His eyes shone with pleasure at sight of them.

"I'm glad you've all come," he said feebly. "I want a kiss, mamma."

She gave it and bent over him, softly smoothing his hair. "Mother's darling, mother's dear little man," she said in trem-

bling tones, pressing kisses on his forehead, cheek and lips.

"There, Vi dear, that will do," the doctor said gently. "Let the rest of us have our turn. Are you quite easy and comfortable, Ned, my boy?" laying a finger on his pulse as he spoke.

"Yes, uncle. Give me a kiss, and then let papa and Grace do it."

"Be very quiet and good, my son; do just as uncle tells you, and you will soon be well, I think," the captain said in cheery tones when he had given the asked-for caress.

Then Grace took her turn, saying:

"My dear little brother, get well now as fast as you can."

Then the doctor banished them all from the room, bidding them leave him to his care and that of the old mammy who had again and again proved herself a capital nurse in the family connection.

CHAPTER XXII

The captain, Violet and Grace now returned to the library, where they found Lucilla at the typewriter answering some letters for her father.

"Oh, you have all been up to see Neddie, haven't you?" she asked, judging so by the expression of their faces.

"Yes, daughter," replied the captain, "but the doctor would allow only an exceedingly short call, and so much depending upon it, we must all be careful to follow his directions."

"Yes, indeed, the dear little brother!" she exclaimed with emotion. "But surely something pleasant has happened to you, Gracie dear, for you are looking very happy."

"As I am and ought to be," returned Grace, blushing vividly; "father and the—and others, too, have been so kind to me."

"Oh, father means to reward Harold, does he?" laughed Lucilla. "Well, sister dear, if you like it I am glad for you."

"Your father has, indeed, been very kind to our pair of lovers," said Violet, smiling upon both her husband and Grace, "and the best of it is that he has stipulated that they are to stay here with us for the first year of their married life."

"After that to remain on the estate, but in a separate house if they wish it," added the captain.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Lucilla; "and Harold really deserves it."

"As does Grace also," said their father, "for she has been sweetly submissive to her father's will."

"It would have been strange if I had been anything else toward such a dear, kind father as mine," she said, regarding him with an expression of ardent affection, which he returned, smiling fondly upon her.

The door opened and Max stood upon the threshold.

"Am I intruding?" he asked, pausing there."

"No, my son; we wish to have no family secret from you. Come in and join us," replied his father, and Max stepped in, closing the door behind him.

"You are all looking happy," he said, glancing about upon them with a pleased smile, "and no wonder; it is such good news that our dear little Ned is convalescing."

"Yes," said Lucilla, "and I think Gracie here is somewhat rejoiced over Harold's promised reward."

"Ah, I suppose I know what that is," said Max, glancing at the blushing, half smiling face of his younger sister. "You are to be 'It' this time, aren't you, Gracie?"

Her only reply was a low, sweet laugh, but their father answered:

"Yes, I have withdrawn my objection to a speedy union, as I felt that Harold deserved a great reward, and he preferred that to any other."

"And when is it to be?" asked Max.

"When she has had time to prepare her trousseau."

"And I fear that will take so long that I shall miss the sight," sighed Max.

"Don't despair, son; you or I may be able to get an extension of your leave of absence," said his father.

"Perhaps, father, if they do not delay too long."

"But we could hardly have a grand wedding now while Neddie is so ill," said Violet; "especially as Harold is his physician."

"It needn't be a grand wedding, mamma; I should prefer a quiet one," said Grace; "but I am certainly in no hurry about it."

"You must have a handsome wedding dress and trousseau," said Violet. "And we want Max here at the wedding, and don't want Harold to leave our dear little boy till he is fairly on the road to recovery. Now, how shall we manage it all?"

"Perhaps your mother might help in the arrangement," suggested Lucilla.

"Perhaps Harold would want to tell her

himself of—the change of plans," said the captain.

At that moment the door opened and mother and son appeared on the threshold, both looking very cheery and bright.

The captain sprang to his feet and hastened to bring forward an easy-chair, while Violet exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I am so glad you have joined us! I was just on the point of going to ask you to do so."

"I suppose to tell me the good news I have just heard from Harold," was the smiling rejoinder. "But he was the one to tell it, daughter. And captain," turning to him, "I thank you for the change in your decision in regard to a most important matter, which Harold feels to be a great reward for what he has been enabled to do for our dear little boy."

"I am very glad I had it in my power to do something to show my appreciation of his invaluable services," the captain said with evident emotion.

"Where is Eva?" exclaimed Lucilla. "She should be here with us on this important occasion."

"Yes, she is one of the family," assented Captain Raymond heartily. "I will go and bring her," said Max, hurrying from the room, to return in a very few minutes carrying his baby and with his wife by his side.

The little one was cooing and smiling.

"Excuse me, friends and relatives, for bringing in this uninvited young girl, for I can assure you she will not repeat anything that is said," laughed Max as Eva took possession of a chair handed her by Harold, and he gave the child to her. The door opened again at that moment and Elsie Raymond's voice was heard asking:

"May I come in, papa?"

"Yes, daughter, you are wanted here," was the pleasant-toned reply, and as she came near to him he drew her to his knee, saying:

"We are talking of Grace's wedding, trying to decide when it shall be."

"Oh, is it going to be soon, papa?" she ex-

claimed. "I thought it wasn't to be for years yet. And I don't want my dear Sister Grace to be taken away from us to another home."

"No, and she shall not be for a year or more, and then not out of the grounds."

"Oh, I am glad of that! You will build them a house in our grounds, will you, papa?"

"I hope to do so," he said. "But now you may listen quietly to what others are saying. Mother," turning to Mrs. Travilla, "I think we can hardly yet set the exact date for the ceremony that will give you a daughter and me a son. We will want our little Ned to be well enough to enjoy the occasion, and to spare his doctor for a wedding trip of more or less length."

"Yes, sir, I agree with you in that. Perhaps Christmas eve would be a suitable time for the ceremony; Neddie will probably be well enough by then to be present; and if bride and groom want to take a trip, Herbert and Cousin Arthur Conly can give any attention or prescriptions needed during Harold's absence."

"Don't forget, mother, that it is the groom's privilege to fix the month," exclaimed Violet. "And, Harold," turning to him, "please don't let it be so early as Christmas, because I want Grace here then. It would hardly seem like Christmas without her."

"How would New Year's day do for the ceremony?" suggested Lucilla.

"Much better than Christmas," said Violet.

"So I think," said the captain. "They are both too soon to suit my desires, but—I have already relinquished them."

"It would be the best New Year's gift you could possibly bestow upon me, captain," said Harold.

"But what is your feeling about it, dearest?" he asked in an undertone, bending over Grace as he spoke.

"If you are suited, I am satisfied," she returned in the same low key, and with a charming smile up into his eyes.

"I, for one, like the New Year's gift idea," said Evelyn. "Gracie to give herself to Har-

old as such, and he himself to her as the same."

"Yes, it is a pretty idea," assented Grandma Elsie; "but, as Vi has reminded us, it is Harold's privilege to set the month, but Gracie's to choose the day."

"New Year's would suit me better than any later day, but I want my ladylove to make the choice to suit herself," Harold said, giving Grace a look of ardent admiration and affection.

"I like Eva's idea," she said with a blush and smile, "so am more than willing to say New Year's day, if that suits you, Harold; that is, if—if dear little Ned is well enough by that time to attend and enjoy the scene."

"I think he will be," said Harold; "at all events, if we have the ceremony performed here in this house."

"I should prefer to have it here rather than anywhere else," said Grace with gentle decision.

"I, too," said Harold.

"Then let it be understood that such is to

be the arrangement," said the captain. "And in the meantime, Grace, daughter, you can be busied about your trousseau, shopping and overseeing the dressmakers."

"Thank you, father dear," she said; "but I have abundance of handsome wearing apparel now, and shall not need to get anything new but the wedding dress."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Violet, "you must have a handsome travelling dress and loads of other nice things; and as soon as Neddie is well enough to be left by us for some hours we must go to the city and do the necessary shopping."

"Yes," added the captain, "remember that your father wants you to have all that heart could wish for your trousseau, if—if he is handing you over to another rather against his will."

"I trust I shall never give you cause to regret it, sir," said Harold pleasantly. "But I must go now to my young patient," he added, rising to his feet. "Adieu for the present, friends. I know that you can ar-

range remaining matters without my valuable assistance."

With that he left the room, and the talk between the others went on.

Harold was pleased to find his young patient sleeping quietly. The improvement in his condition was steady from that time, so that in another week it was deemed altogether right and wise to begin preparations for the approaching nuptials.

Relieved from anxiety about little Ned, and supplied by the captain with abundant means, the ladies thoroughly enjoyed the necessary shopping, and daily brought home an array of beautiful things for the adornment of the bride that was to be. At the same time Max returned to his vessel, but with the promise of another short leave of absence to enable him to attend the wedding. That made it easier to part with wife and baby for the time.

Here we will leave our friends for the present, preparations for the wedding going merrily on, the lovers very happy in each other

and the bright prospect before them, the captain not very discontented with the turn events had taken, and Grandma Elsie full of quiet satisfaction in the thought of Harold's happiness, and that she herself was to have so sweet a new daughter added to her store of such treasures.

THE END